

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS



SEPTEMBER 1986

NUMBER 7058 VOLUME 274

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## TO CATCH A THIEF

The rapid rise of  
Neighbourhood Watch

### THE CAPITAL'S BOSS

A post-GLC report  
by Lewis Chester

### LONDON'S CLUBS

A user's guide  
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**HIGHLIGHTS**  
All the best for the  
month ahead





## BEFORE CUTTY SARK WAS A WHISKY, IT WAS A CHASER.

Some people chase beer with whisky. Others prefer to do it the other way around. But how could you use a Cutty Sark to chase a man on horseback?

Robert Burns did it. First, he wrote about a farmer called Tam o'Shanter and his grey mare Meg. Then he had them ride past a church one miserable night while the premises were suspiciously bright and noisy.

To thicken the plot, Burns introduced a witch. He describes her as being young, beautiful and clad

only in a cutty sark (a short shirt, to the Scots of that century).

For sport, she would destroy crops, shoot cattle and lure ships onto the rocks.

But the night that Tam o'Shanter encountered her, she was dancing to the tune of Satan's bagpipes in Alloway church. Tam thought she made a lovely sight. Cutty Sark thought Tam would make a lovely corpse. So the chase was on. If he hadn't been astride his horse, he'd have

been done for. As it was, Cutty Sark pressed hard on their heels all the way to a nearby bridge. Safety lay on the other side, as witches can't cross running water.

But they can run fast enough to keep up with a galloping horse. An instant before Meg reached the bridge, Cutty Sark managed to pull off her tail.

As for the whisky, it can still be a chaser. But all it can capture is your admiration.



## CUTTY SARK THE REAL McCOY.



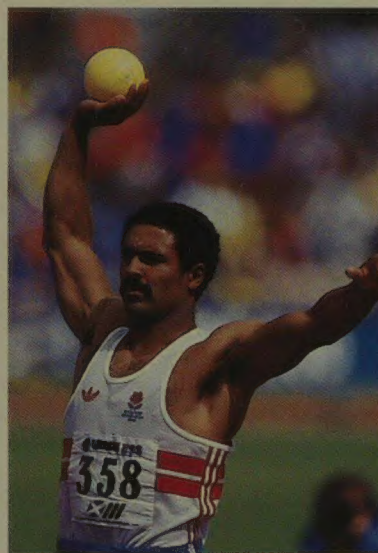
# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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## GOLD AT THE GAMES 18



PROFILE OF TIBET 34



## ALL ABOUT UMBRELLAS 48

### COVER PHOTOGRAPH

by Kim Sayer

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SEPTEMBER HIGHLIGHTS A focus on forthcoming events in the capital	6
COMMONWEALTH GAMES Athletes in action at Edinburgh	18
THE MAN WHO RUNS LONDON Lewis Chester meets Sir Godfrey Taylor, in charge since the GLC's demise	22
IS YOUR NEIGHBOUR WATCHING? Leana Pooley describes how Londoners are beating crime	28
TIBET: A WORLD APART Photographs by Wang Zhi Ping of a little-known country	34
A USER'S GUIDE TO LONDON CLUBS Henry Porter finds them thriving and probes a cross-section	42
HOME PLANTS FROM ABROAD Tony Hare on foreign species growing wild in London	46
200 YEARS OF THE UMBRELLA Roger Berthoud outlines its stormy history	48
For the record	17
The sky at night: Patrick Moore on globular clusters of stars	50
Motoring: Stuart Marshall on Lotus	52
ILN Prize Auction: An opportunity to win a £1,000 voucher to spend at Christie's	54
Reviews: Art, Theatre, Cinema, Opera	57
Books: Reviews by Robert Blake, Harriet Waugh and others plus the month's best sellers	60
Letters to the Editor	62
Wine: Getting the true measure of whites by Michael Broadbent	63
Restaurants: Kingsley Amis at L'Etoile	65
Hotels: Hilary Rubinstein at the Scarista House Hotel on the Isle of Harris, Outer Hebrides	66
Chess: Game for a read by John Nunn	67
Bridge: Two kinds of luck by Jack Marx	68
LISTINGS: Selective guide to the arts and entertainment	69

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vestment by the dealers themselves totalled more than £15m last year.

Striving for perfection might begin in the factory.

But it doesn't end there.



**THE ULTIMATE DRIVING MACHINE**





ROGER BERTHOUD

## SEEDS OF ART

Picasso's sketchbooks at the RA

Picasso was an inveterate hoarder, not least because he was fascinated by his own creative process. Over the course of 70 years he preserved virtually intact at least 175 of his sketchbooks, a treasure-trove of some 7,000 drawings, a selection of which is being shown at the Royal Academy from September 11.

Six years ago a New York art dealer, Arnold Glimcher, went to see Picasso's son Claude in Paris and was shown photographs of many of the pages. Dazzled by their range, quality and prodigious documentary value, he spent the intervening years negotiating for a selection of them to be exhibited at his Pace Gallery in New York and for a scholarly book to reveal, document and analyse their riches. These tasks were not easy, since most of the sketchbooks had been distributed among the artist's heirs after his death.

They came in many shapes and sizes, often small enough to be taken in a pocket to a bullfight or café. Some of the

drawings were preparatory studies for major paintings. Others were produced after the related paintings. Yet others were essentially autobiographical.

Forty-five of the sketchbooks made their public debut at the Pace Gallery in New York in May. Now they are being shown for almost 10 weeks in three of the Royal Academy's main galleries. Some are being displayed open, others have had their spirals removed, so successive images can be followed. Much peering into cabinets will be necessary, but it should be rewarding.

For more leisurely if expensive scrutiny, Thames & Hudson are publishing concurrently a £36 volume reproducing six of the most important sketchbooks complete, with highlights from 30 others and essays by leading pundits. A softback version will serve as the catalogue.

*Je suis le Cabier: The Sketchbooks of Picasso*, Royal Academy, September 11-November 19.

The season of mists in Britain is also the time for conferences, which are seldom mellow and almost never fruitful. This year's crop begins with the TUC at Brighton (Sept 1-5), followed by the SDP at Harrogate (13-17), Liberals at Eastbourne (22-26), Labour at Blackpool (28-Oct 3) and Conservatives at Bournemouth (Oct 7-10).

## OOH AND AAH DAYS



Each biennial Farnborough air show caps its predecessor. At this year's event (opening on September 1) there will be a record 600 aerospace companies from across the world showing their wares, from entire aircraft to microchips and rivets, in exhibition halls erected from 60 miles of canvas. A further 200 companies—another record—were turned away for lack of space.

The cost of exhibiting is high, and major firms taking part will see little change from £1 million. But the world market for aerospace goods is estimated at £450 billion over the next 10 years—and that is what the Farnborough show is about. Some 50,000 guests, from defence supremos to airline chiefs, will be assessing the expensive goods, while an additional 200,000 members will pay to "ooh and aah" at a three-and-a-half hour flying display on open days, culminating in the aerobatics of the RAF's Red Arrows. The organizer is the Society of British

The pianist Moura Lympny celebrates her 70th birthday with a recital at the Queen Elizabeth Hall on September 14. A child prodigy who made her debut aged 12 in Harrogate, playing Mendelssohn's G Minor Concerto, she later broke into the male preserve of the virtuoso concerto, earning a formidable reputation for her performances of Rachmaninov's Piano Concertos. During the composer's lifetime, she was the first pianist to record his 24 Preludes—originally on nine 78s.

After she had graduated from the Royal Academy of Music at 15, her teachers included Mathilde Verne, a former pupil of Clara Schumann, and the great Tobias Matthay. She made her all-important debut at the Wigmore Hall when 17, and four years later came a close second in the Ysaye Competition in Brussels to the Russian winner, Emil Gilels.

Having shown a rare ability to memorize new music, she was invited to give the first performance outside Russia of the Khachaturian Piano Concerto at a Queen's Hall concert of new Russian music conducted by Alan Bush, and then premiered this work in Paris, Brussels, Milan and Vienna.

When Khachaturian later conducted the concerto at the Albert Hall with Moura Lympny as soloist he marked her score "like a tigress", "like a tank approaching". It is hard to imagine any performer less like a tigress or a tank than this slightly-built, charming woman.

Although recognized as a specialist in Rachmaninov as well as Prokofiev and Shostakovich, she has been a staunch champion of British composers, from

MARGARET DAVIES

## DURABLE PRODIGY

Moura Lympny marks a milestone



Delius to Malcolm Williamson, and her repertoire includes some 65 concertos, not all demanding the ferocious approach of Khachaturian. Her friend the late Sir Robert Mayer reckoned she played Chopin's 24 Preludes better than anyone he had heard.

These days Moura Lympny divides her time between Monte Carlo and her property in the village of Rasquères in the foothills of the Pyrenees where for the past six years she has run a music festival

in late June, with such friends as Elizabeth Harwood and Victoria de los Angeles. This July she launched a second music festival in Guildel in Brittany, under the patronage of Prince Louis de Polignac.

Her appearance at the Queen Elizabeth Hall will be followed by concerts in Edinburgh, Manchester, Cardiff, Newport, Aberystwyth and Brighton.

*Moura Lympny*, September 14, Queen Elizabeth Hall, South Bank, SE1 (Queen 3161, cc 928 8800).

Steve Ovetv won last year's first Westminster Mile ahead of Steve Cram. Sponsors Peugeot Talbot decided to make the race annual after its success last year. The professional line-up will be preceded by amateur races for all ages, starting in Whitehall at 10.30am on September 7.



*Farnborough Air Show*, Farnborough, Hants. Trade days, September 1-4; open to the public, September 5-7.



**A**rguably the greatest photo-journalist of them all was the American W. Eugene Smith. This shot from his *Life* essay on a country doctor is among more than 500 of his photographs at the Barbican Art Gallery (August 28-October 19).



This remarkably un-Dutch *Fantastic Landscape* by Paul Bril features in **Dutch Landscape, the Early Years**, a major survey at the National Gallery (September 3-November 23), otherwise stronger on flat horizons.



## IN THE DOCK

Britain is likely to find itself back in the dock over apartheid and sanctions at the annual meeting of the Commonwealth Parliamentary Association in late September. London is playing host to the CPA for the first time since 1973. Given earlier speculation on differences of opinion over the Commonwealth between Buckingham Palace and No 10, much interest will focus on the Queen's opening speech at Westminster Hall on September 25.

The plenary sessions will give the 250 delegates and some 80 wives a chance to sample the amenities of the new Queen Elizabeth II Conference Centre nearby. Debates on such questions as Will the Commonwealth survive apartheid? and The Commonwealth: who cares? promise to be lively. Other topics include co-operation against international terrorism and the effect on member states of declining oil prices.

Some important Commonwealth members, like Nigeria and Ghana, are excluded because they are not parliamentary democracies. The fact that 100 legislatures are represented is largely due to the membership of state parliaments in federal countries like Australia, Canada and Malaysia. Small countries have their own special problems, and delegates from 14 of them will be holding a preliminary two-day meeting in Jersey.

**T**he popular belief that we are a nation of animal lovers is hit hard by *Animal Squad*, a six-part TV series which follows the rounds of an RSPCA inspector in the Leeds area—no cruelty to Yorkshire intended. Complaints about offences nationwide went up by 17,000 last year, leading to 2,112 convictions, almost half of which were for cruelty to dogs. Starts September 3, BBC1, 9.25pm.



# Bell's for *all* seasons



## **BELL'S**

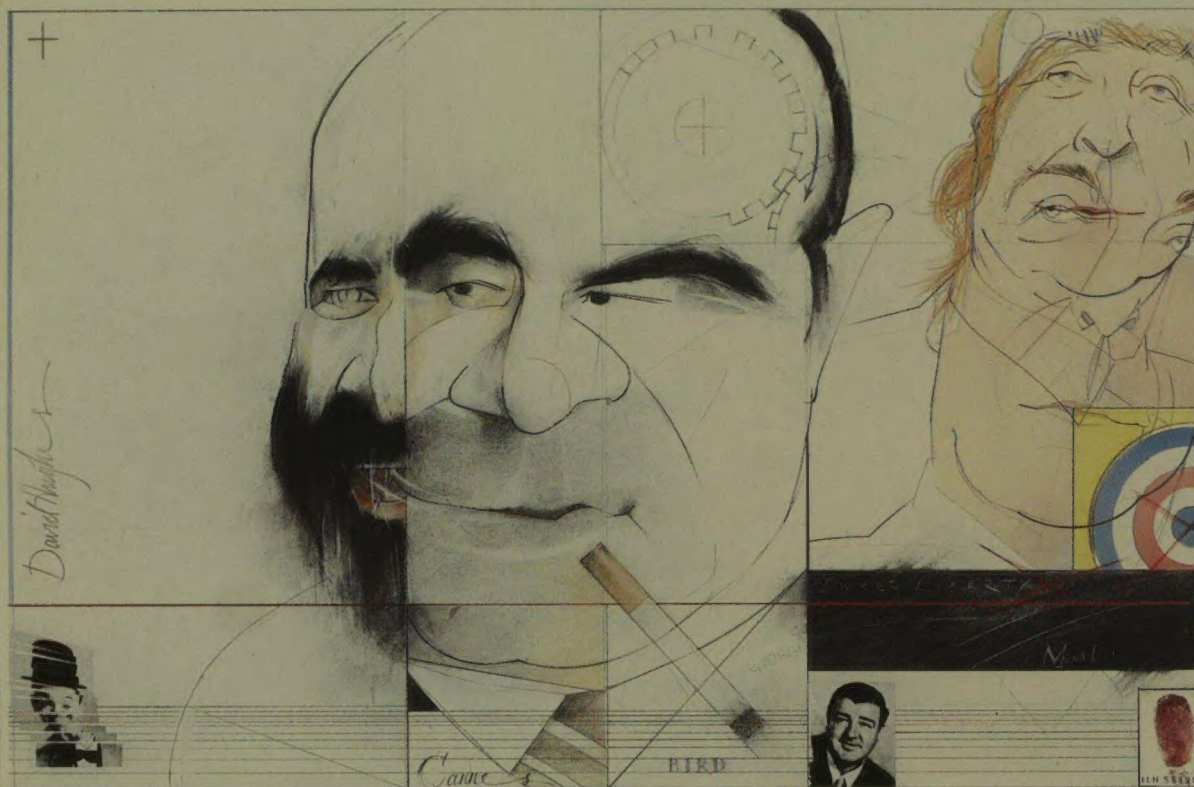
Scotland's Number One  
Quality Scotch Whisky



GEORGE PERRY

# ONE FAT, ONE LEANISH

Have Hoskins and Caine the makings of a comedy duo?



By chance two of Britain's best film actors, one short and fat, the other tall and reasonably lean, but both of them Cockney lads who have achieved fame in the United States as well as here, turn up in the same two films on the same day: *Mona Lisa* and *Sweet Liberty*, which open in the West End on September 5. In *Mona Lisa*, directed by Neil Jordan, Bob Hoskins is a small-time criminal freshly out of prison and hired to chauffeur a beautiful black prostitute on her rounds across London. He won the award for Best Actor at Cannes for this performance. In the same film Michael Caine

plays an evil big-time underworld boss.

Their roles in Alan Alda's *Sweet Liberty* are very different. Bob Hoskins hilariously caricatures a Hollywood screenwriter who has turned a respectable historical novel about the American Revolution into a piece of teenage *schlock*. Michael Caine is cast as a vain English movie star on location in a small New England town which has been invaded by the entourage of a huge film production unit.

The real-life Caine has a compulsive urge to work: blink hard and you may miss one of his films. Having contributed much to the success of Woody Allen's

*Hannah and Her Sisters*, he will shortly be seen in *The Whistle Blower*, *The Fourth Protocol* and *Half Moon Street*. Hoskins, who has arrived more recently on the film scene, is showing his capacity to play a wider range of parts than the gangster of his debut film, *The Long Good Friday*.

Do we have the makings of a comic team here—a new Laurel and Hardy or Abbott and Costello?

*Mona Lisa*, September 5, Odeon, Haymarket, SW1 (930 2738, cc).

*Sweet Liberty*, September 5, Plaza, Lower Regent St, SW1 (437 1234).

J. C. TREWIN

# ESPERT'S LORCA

The great Spanish tragedienne as director

Nuria Espert is Spain's great actress, remembered in London for her World Theatre season appearances of 1971 and 72. Espert now returns to the London stage as a director. The choice is Lorca's *The House of Bernarda Alba*, a tale of a village family imprisoned within its own stifling conventions. Glenda Jackson, Joan Plowright and Patricia Hayes head the company at the Lyric Hammersmith.

An actress of astonishing erotic power, Nuria Espert is also a leader of the international avant-garde stage. A Catalan with

high cheekbones and long black hair, now in her late 40s, she originally founded her company at Barcelona in 1959, moving on to Madrid in her resolve to create a theatre that was "not at all nice". She exercised a manager's prerogative by appearing as Hamlet, a bold production which, if it alarmed the public, played to packed audiences. She is regarded especially for her work in Lorca, Brecht, Genet and Sartre; for a while she ran the National Theatre of Spain, but—absolutely independent as she is—left it

for her own tiny avant-garde house in Madrid. Though she has presented older Spanish classics, she is primarily in all senses an actress of today.

Touring made her known throughout the world. She has long been a startling tragedienne and a theatre woman whose influence has extended far beyond Spain. Her impact at the Lyric should be striking.

*The House of Bernarda Alba*, September 8-October 25, Lyric Hammersmith, King St, W6 (741 2311, cc).

Thousands of helium balloons, released by the Lord Mayor of Westminster, will mark the opening of the Jermyn Street Festival on September 9. Next day there will be a firework display at 8pm outside St James's Church, and the festival ends on the 11th with the Jermyn Street Ball. This year's theme is Christmas, which may make sense to shopkeepers, if not to those hoping for an Indian summer.



DOUGLAS H. JEFFERY



# TOKYO ON ITS TOES

Early this month Britain gets its second sight of the Tokyo Ballet, Japan's major company, last viewed in 1975 at Sadler's Wells. Their Royal Opera House performances are part of a European tour.

Classical ballet is far removed from Japan's own ancient dance traditions—Kabuki and Gagaku—yet the Japanese have warmly embraced this most western of the arts, along with classical music, golf, adulation of Sherlock Holmes and other occidental enthusiasms. The love affair with ballet began in the 1910s and has grown increasingly ardent since the Second World War—by the late 70s there were eight professional companies in Tokyo and countless ballet schools.

Perhaps the rigours of the orthodox Russian training appeal to the Japanese with their taste for hard work and discipline. The Tokyo Ballet, founded in 1964, has always had mainly Russian advisers, teachers and repertory—though the last is now being extended to embrace works by such contemporary western choreographers as Maurice Béjart, whose three-act *The Kabuki* is among works being brought to London.

With their diminutive if short-legged women and sturdy, stocky men, the Japanese have some physical assets, and



have successfully exported several leading dancers to the West. The Tokyo Ballet is now generally accorded international status, showing once again that Japan is eager and able to take on the West, in the arts as in technology. **U.R.**

*The Tokyo Ballet, Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, WC2 (240 1066/1911, cc). September 1-6.*



## PRICEY SLURP

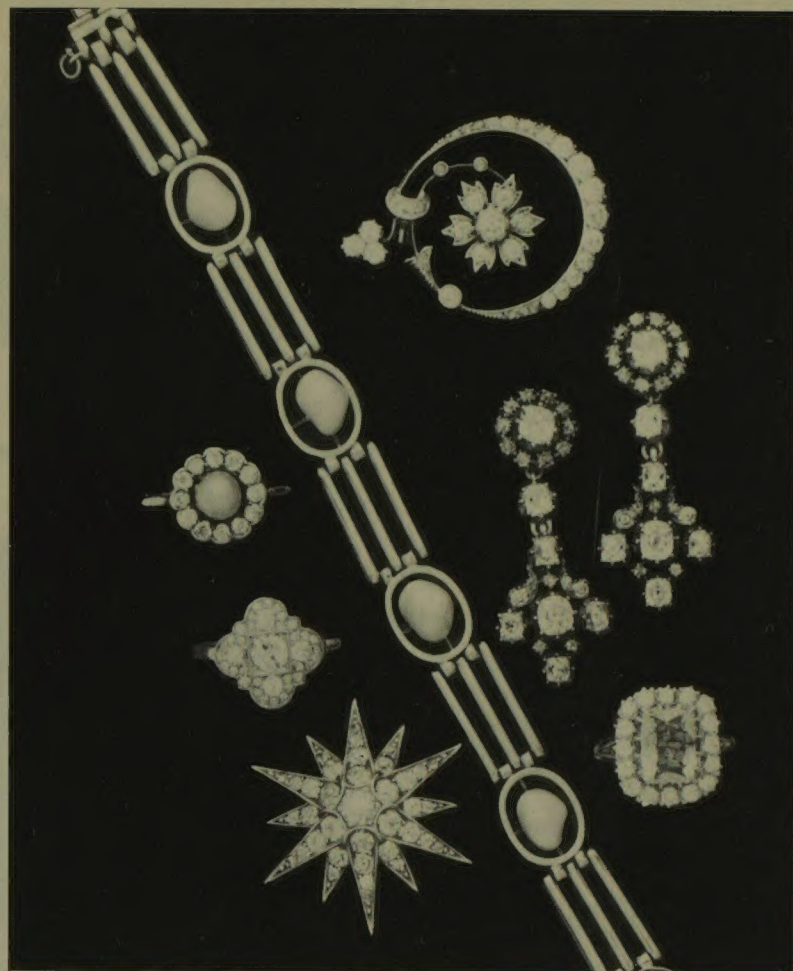
On the first of the month, oysters traditionally appear on restaurant menus and partridge come into open season. Both delicacies have been in sharp decline in recent years, but both are expected to be in sufficient supply to meet demand.

Oil slicks and disease have reduced the oyster population. Peter Manzi, champion oyster opener, says: "People don't eat as many as they used to so it's equalled itself out. When I started in 1947, a restaurant might serve 4,000 to 5,000 a day; now it's more like 1,000 a week."

Cockney-born Mr Manzi, formerly at Bentley's and at Wiltons, has worked at Green's in Duke Street in recent years. His world title was won last September at the annual Galway festival. The 30-oyster contest, against competitors from seven countries, combines speed and presentation; and, with only four penalty points

for one gritty oyster, his winning time was 2 minutes 46 seconds. He will be preparing No 1s from Cork and from Poole in Dorset at slightly slower speeds for customers of Green's, where the price will open at £15.50 a dozen.

The numbers of grey partridge, the native game-bird of lowland Britain, are down by 85 per cent since the First World War. Modern farming methods are to blame rather than the shooting season which takes place between September 1 and January 31 each year. Up to 140,000 miles of the hedgerows needed for nesting have disappeared in the past 20 years; and young birds requiring an insect diet are born into environments rendered sterile by chemical spraying. Field tests by the Game Conservancy Trust show how numbers can be increased if spraying is cut by 2 per cent. **A.F.**



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For the Highlander,  
distilling whisky  
was as natural as  
breathing air.

Generation after  
generation inherited a passion for  
turning the water of the  
glens into the 'water of life'.

Whisky wasn't just his traditional  
national drink. It was his bread and  
butter. Distilling was virtually the  
only way he could turn his  
victuals into cash to pay rents,  
reward his workers and  
to feed and shelter his family.

But by the middle of the  
eighteenth century, the  
government made this well  
nigh impossible.

Thirsting for revenue, it  
imposed prohibitive taxes on  
whisky making. While some  
Highlanders were brought to  
their knees and paid up, many  
others took their stills and  
skills, and fled to the remote  
mountain areas to produce  
their beloved whisky illicitly.

### The Highlanders see red.

Almost immediately,  
excisemen, or gaugers, were  
despatched North, to stamp  
out the practice and  
apprehend the offenders.

This angered the  
Highlanders. To them it was  
the government and its  
red-coated lackeys who were the  
criminals, taking the very  
bread from their mouths.

Robert Burns (who,  
ironically, became an  
exciseman later) expressed  
the nation's sentiments in venomous  
verse: "Thae curse horse-leeches o' th' Excise,  
Who make the whisky stells their prize!  
Haud up thy han', Deil! ance, twice, thrice!  
There, seize the blinkers!  
An' bake them up in brunstane pies for poor  
dam'd drinkers."

Such was the Highlanders

contempt for the law that it was not  
even considered a disgrace to be  
imprisoned for illicit distilling.

Indeed, in Dingwall Gaol  
convicted distillers were treated with  
privilege, being allowed out on Sundays  
and special occasions.

One prisoner even approached the

governor, with the remarkable  
proposition that they set up a still  
together in the gaol.

Such widespread defiance made  
curbing the outlaw whisky makers a  
hopeless task.

As one illicit still was closed down,  
another began.

# In 1747, whisky was distilled with much conviction.



And in 1747, one particular still  
began, which was to become  
the most famous distillery of them all.  
THE GLENLIVET Distillery.

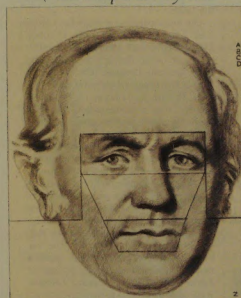
### The Name Dropper.

The founder of THE GLENLIVET  
Distillery was one John Gow, alias Smith.

He was a veteran of Culloden,  
having fought and lost on the side of the  
ill-fated Bonnie Prince Charlie, and was  
forced to flee his old haunts near  
Braemar for fear of his life.

He took his family North, hid in a  
remote valley and dropped his gaelic  
name Gow in favour of Smith, to baffle  
the English soldiers.

(Which explains why such a



Sassenach name appears on our  
label.) There he settled down for a  
quiet, anonymous life of farming  
and, of course, illicit distilling.

### The Well of Fortune.

As luck would have it, John  
Smith had made his new home  
in the precise spot where the  
water and the peat were the  
best in Scotland for making  
malt whisky.

He had discovered Josie's Well.

It is the pure Highland water that  
springs from Josie's Well that makes  
THE GLENLIVET malt whisky so special.

We can't explain it. It just does.  
And there is no other well that performs  
the same magic. THE GLENLIVET made  
with any other water would not be  
THE GLENLIVET.

By the time John Smith's

grandson George,  
inherited the still in 1817,  
the fame of the illicit  
GLENLIVET had spread  
far and wide.

"It is worth all the  
wines of France" opined  
the Doctor in Sir Walter  
Scott's *St. Ronan's Well*,  
"and more cordial besides."

Praise indeed for  
THE GLENLIVET's  
"cunning chemists," as  
Scott called George Smith  
and his workers.

Christopher North,  
who in 1827, wrote a  
famous series of sketches  
in *Blackwood's Magazine*,  
quoted James Hogg, the  
Ettrick Shepherd: "Gie me the real  
Glenlivet, and I weel believe I could mak'  
drinking toddy oot o' sea-water. The  
human mind never tires o' Glenlivet, any  
mair than o' caller air. If a body could just  
find oot the exac' p'portion and  
quantity that  
ought to be  
drunk every day  
and keep to  
that, I

verily trow that he might leeve for ever,  
without dying at a', that doctors and  
kirkyards would go oot o' fashion."

### Going straight.

Such a celebrated whisky couldn't  
remain illegal for long.

(Although outlawed, THE  
GLENLIVET was the toast of gentlemen,  
lords and even kings. George IV of  
England was said to drink "nothing else.")

It was the Duke of Richmond and  
Gordon (George Smith's landlord) who  
eventually put THE GLENLIVET on the  
strait and narrow.

He persuaded Parliament to pass  
the Act of 1823 which made legal  
distilling worthwhile.

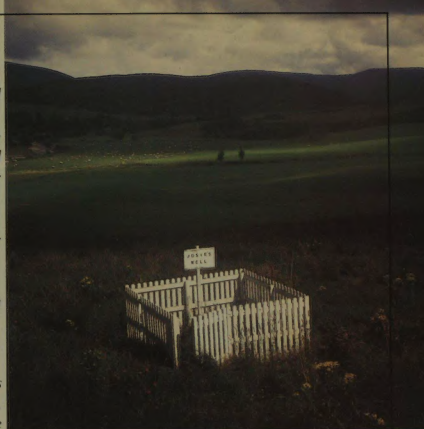
The following year George Smith  
took out the very first licence under  
the Act. Making THE GLENLIVET a legal  
malt whisky. People had been enjoying it  
secretly for 77 years. Now it existed.

Officially. The rest is history.

THE GLENLIVET's  
unique subtle taste and  
distinctive 'nose' has been  
appreciated ever since.  
Try a dram and experience  
its magical properties  
yourself. These days, you  
can't go to gaol for  
what you're drinking.



Scotland's first malt whisky.





# CATS CAUGHT

Theatrical pictures from Robert Heindel



The American artist Robert Heindel has been commissioned by Andrew Lloyd Webber to paint a series of scenes from *Cats*, and some of these will be on display in the foyer of the New London Theatre in Drury Lane during September. Heindel, who first made his name as an illustrator for American magazines such as *Sports Illustrated*, *Time* and *TV Guide*, has more recently become intensely involved with the world of ballet, and particularly with the Royal Ballet. More than 100 of his ballet paintings were shown at a major exhibition in the Festival Hall last

Christmas. Heindel spent two months with the company and then returned to his studio at Easton, Connecticut to complete his paintings, mainly in acrylic and pastel, which most effectively capture the physical commitment and dedication of dancers in rehearsal. Lloyd Webber saw the Festival Hall show and promptly asked Heindel to do the series of paintings and drawings of *Cats*, and commissioned a further series, on which Heindel is now working, of rehearsals for *The Phantom of the Opera*, which opens in London next month.

To keep our consciences green, the Design Council is showing ecologically sound inventions from September 10 to October 5.

Among them are quiet land-rigs (sleep on while they drill), devices using solar power and the flatulent force of biomass, and John Walker's wingsail, right.

# F

inalists in the Taxi Driver of the Year competition line up in Battersea Park on September 7. Having passed an exam in "cabology", the cabbies now have their knowledge of London's streets tested, then return to Battersea for an obstacle course. The winner receives £850 and a new set of tyres. Unlike New York cabbies, they speak English too!



Welsh National Opera open the season at Covent Garden with their production of Wagner's *Ring*, conducted by Richard Armstrong. It will be the first time a British regional company has appeared at the Royal Opera House and the first *Ring* to be performed in English there since the 1920s.

The four operas were staged in Cardiff over a two-year period, from October, 1983 to September, 1985, by the Swedish producer Göran Järfelt, in sets by the West German designer Carl Friedrich Oberle. In *Rhinegold*, played at the Dominion Theatre in London in 1983, the scenery was a combination of 19th-century railway architecture and huge building blocks.

In the *Ring*, Siegfried is sung by Jeffrey Lawton (above), an impressive contributor to WNO's superb *Otello*. Welsh singers Phillip Joll and Anne Evans appear as Wotan and Brünnhilde, and the casting of Anne Collins as Erda and the First Norn is a nostalgic link with the fondly-remembered ENO *Ring* of the 1970s. **M.D.** The *Rhinegold*, September 25; The *Valkyrie*, September 27; Siegfried, September 30; *Götterdämmerung*, October 2. Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, WC2 (240 1066/1911, cc).





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Open Monday to Friday 9am to 5pm all year, and 10am to 4pm on Saturdays (throughout the year). Adults £1, Children and OAPs 50p, Family Ticket (2 adults, 2 children) £2.

No reservations are necessary although it is advisable for large parties. For further information please contact our Tours Operator on Barlaston (078 139) 3218.

## Wedgwood Visitor Centre

Barlaston, Stoke-on-Trent, Staffordshire, ST12 9ES





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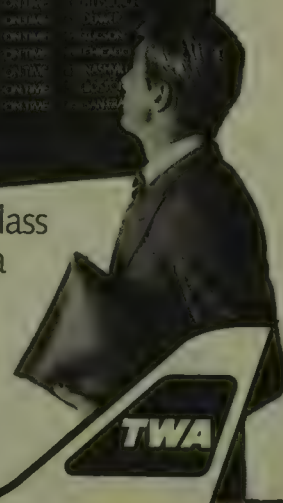
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FLIGHT	DEPARTURE	FLIGHT	DEPARTURE
7	NEW YORK	10	NEW YORK
11	NEW YORK	13	NEW YORK
15	NEW YORK	18	NEW YORK
19	NEW YORK	22	NEW YORK
23	NEW YORK	26	NEW YORK
27	NEW YORK	30	NEW YORK
31	NEW YORK	34	NEW YORK
35	NEW YORK	38	NEW YORK
42	NEW YORK	45	NEW YORK
49	NEW YORK	52	NEW YORK
55	NEW YORK	58	NEW YORK
61	NEW YORK	64	NEW YORK
67	NEW YORK	70	NEW YORK
73	NEW YORK	76	NEW YORK
79	NEW YORK	82	NEW YORK
85	NEW YORK	88	NEW YORK
91	NEW YORK	94	NEW YORK
97	NEW YORK	100	NEW YORK



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# FOR THE RECORD

SEPT 86

## Monday, July 14

Nine trainee Spanish Civil Guards died and more than 40 other people were injured when a remote-controlled car bomb exploded near their bus in Madrid.

Four people were killed when Israeli aircraft bombed Palestinian positions in the Druze mountains, south-east of Beirut.

## Wednesday, July 15

Malaysia became the sixth country to join the boycott of the Commonwealth Games in Edinburgh and the first from outside Africa. The Bahamas, Papua New Guinea and Sierra Leone also withdrew on the following day.

Lord Boothby, the former Conservative MP, died aged 86.

Lord Crawshaw, the SDP peer and former Labour MP, died aged 68.

## Thursday, July 17

Labour narrowly held its seat in the Newcastle under Lyme by-election, beating the Alliance candidate by 799 votes. The Conservatives finished third.

The US Senate approved a treaty making it easier for Britain to have Irish terrorist fugitives extradited.

## Friday, July 18

Sir Stanley Rous, former president of FIFA and secretary of the Football Association, died aged 91.

## Sunday, July 20

Frank Bruno's challenge for the World Boxing Association heavyweight championship ended when the American titleholder Tim Witherspoon stopped him in the 11th round at Wembley Stadium.

Greg Norman of Australia won the British Open Golf Championship at Turnberry.

## Monday, July 21

Nine people were injured when the Defence Ministry in Madrid was attacked with rocket grenades. Basque terrorists were suspected.

## Tuesday, July 22

The House of Commons voted by a majority of one to abolish corporal punishment in state schools throughout the United Kingdom.

31 people died when Tamil separatists set off a landmine and blew up a bus near Vavuniya, northern Sri Lanka.

## Wednesday, July 23

Prince Andrew, created Duke of York, married Sarah Ferguson in Westminster Abbey.

## Thursday, July 24

The Duke of Edinburgh opened the 13th Commonwealth Games in Edinburgh. 32 of 58 Games Federation countries boycotted the event.

Kenneth Noye was jailed for 14 years at the Old Bailey and fined £500,000

for handling £26 million of gold bullion stolen in the Brinks-Mat robbery three years ago.

After publication of a report exposing widespread bribery and corruption in the West Indian dependency of the Turks and Caicos Islands, Christopher Turner, the Governor General, took over control of the islands from Nathaniel Francis, the Chief Minister.

## Saturday, July 26

10 people died and 41 were injured when a train carrying holidaymakers ploughed into a van on a level-crossing near Hull.

Three Ulster policemen were shot dead in their patrol car by the IRA in the centre of Newry, County Down.

Averell Harriman, the American diplomat, died aged 94.

## Sunday, July 27

Cyclist Greg LeMond became the first American to win the Tour de France bicycle race.

Sir Osbert Lancaster, the cartoonist, died aged 77.

## Monday, July 28

At least 32 people were killed and 140 injured when a car bomb exploded in Christian East Beirut. The following day another car bomb killed 25 people and injured 180 in Muslim West Beirut.

Thailand's Democratic Party won the

most seats in the country's general election and agreed to form a coalition government headed by the present Prime Minister, General Prem Tinsulanonda.

The World Chess Championship between the defending champion Gary Kasparov and Anatoly Karpov opened at the Park Lane Hotel in London.

## Tuesday, July 29

England drew with New Zealand in the First Test at Lord's.

## Wednesday, July 30

Neil MacGregor, editor of *The Burlington Magazine*, was appointed director of the National Gallery.

## Friday, August 1

A new Italian government was formed after Socialist leader Bettino Craxi accepted a second term as premier, a month after his last five-party coalition collapsed.

## Sunday, August 3

A Commonwealth mini-summit attended by the leaders of Britain, Canada, Australia, Bahamas, Zambia, India and Zimbabwe opened in London to discuss the question of apartheid and sanctions against South Africa. The meeting ended the following day with six countries "agreeing to differ" with Britain over the scale and timing of measures to be introduced against the

Pretoria government.

Premier Mahathir Mohamad's ruling National Front coalition was returned to power in the Malaysian general election.

## Monday, August 4

111 Gurkha soldiers were dismissed from the Army after refusing to co-operate with an inquiry into a brawl in Hawaii.

## Wednesday, August 6

The London stock market suffered its largest ever one-day fall with a drop of 32.1 points on the FT Index.

## Thursday, August 7

Peter Robinson, deputy leader of the Democratic Unionist Party and a Westminster MP, was arrested after "loyalists" invaded a border village in the Irish Republic. He was released the following day on bail of £10,000.

Edward Lee Howard, a former CIA officer, was granted political asylum in Moscow. It was the first such defection by an American since the 1960s.

## Friday, August 8

The Government put up £25 million to avert the collapse of two Cornish tin mines.

## Sunday, August 10

Indian General Arun Vaidya, who ordered the army's assault on the Sikh Golden Temple of Amritsar two years ago, was shot dead in Poona.

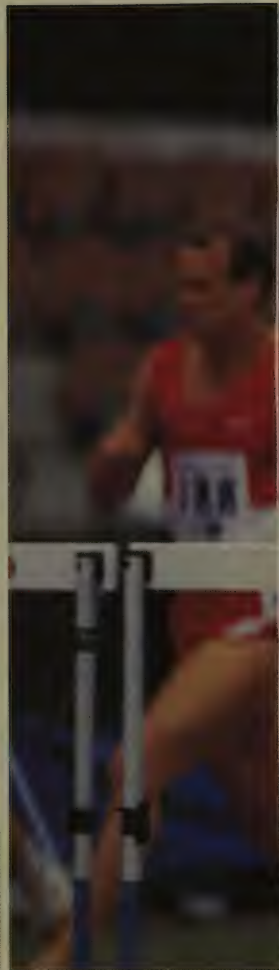


After two days of hard bargaining around the conference table at Marlborough House, the Commonwealth leaders' mini-summit on South Africa ended in disagreement on August 4. As Britain would not go along with their proposals, the six other governments determined to issue their own list of more stringent sanctions and hoped to co-ordinate their measures with Japan, the United States and the European Community.



# MEMORIES OF THE GAMES

Daley Thompson's performance in winning his third gold medal in the decathlon was one of the highlights of the Commonwealth Games marred by the boycott of 32 countries.







Canadian Victor Davis won the 100 metres breast-stroke but lost the 200 metres to Adrian Moorhouse; Steve Cram high-stepped his way to a golden double in the 800 metres, and 1,500 metres, matched by Kirsty Wade of Wales in the women's events; Australian Gael Martin triumphed in the shot putt as well as the discus; but for Fatima Whitbread in the javelin there was only second place and despair.







# THE MAN WHO RUNS LONDON

Sept 86

Lewis Chester turns the spotlight on Sir Godfrey Taylor, the Tory politician in charge of dismantling the Greater London Council—a daunting five-year task.

**S**ir Godfrey "Tag" Taylor, the Tory politician charged with demolition of the Greater London Council, is a handy man with a verbal sledgehammer. Admirers of his skill usually cite the occasion of the last annual meeting of the Heath and Old Hampstead Society. There was much wringing of hands over what would be the fate of Hampstead Heath now that the GLC was gone and he felt obliged to remind them that this was not a general concern: "I've spent most of my life south of the river and I'm not interested in the Heath."

Given the task he has to hand it might be thought that a certain robust insensitivity is the best quality to have. The GLC employed 24,000 people, owned 15,000 properties and provided services that occupied one page of the London telephone directory. Taylor, as chairman of the London Residuary Body (LRB), must dismantle all this in five years and try to eliminate the GLC's loan debt of £2.6 billion as well. It is without question the longest and largest institutional funeral in the history of local government.

For all this he is a very lively man, short to anger and even swifter to mirth. His robustness is of the slight, wiry kind and at 61 he still moves in a youthful, springy fashion. The most unnerving thing about him is his eyebrows which zoom half-way across his desk towards you. His insensi-

tivity, other than the practised politician's variety, does not seem unduly pronounced. Indeed, he sees his main work as not cllobbering things but as finding new, and often more congenial, homes for them.

Many of the big shifts of people and function have already been accomplished. The fire brigade, 8,000 strong, has been hived off and the GLC's extensive riverside interests are now with Thames Water. The Sports Council and the boroughs have solved the recreation end, and the main cultural interests of the GLC—among them the Royal Festival Hall—are now under the wing of a new quango. The number of former GLC employees for which Taylor is still responsible is down to 4,000, but he thinks that some of his toughest fights might lie ahead.

"The big things practically take care of themselves, the resources are usually there and they have a momentum of their own. This is why we went at a tremendous rate to begin with. But there's been a bit of a slowing down since April. It's the small things that really take the time. Still, I am seeking to recapture that momentum."

Taylor tries to generate his pace from the top floor of St Vincent's House, a small office block behind Trafalgar Square, with a staff of 20 for company. His airy penthouse office affords an inspiring view of Nelson atop his column. He likes it well enough but feels "it's not a patch on the one I had at the water board in

Worthing. I couldn't see Nelson, but I could see the sea."

He rarely works in County Hall, despite the river view. Labour malcontents say it's because he cannot stand the sight of blood on the stairs. But the official line is that it was necessary to set up alternative headquarters well before abolition day—March 31, 1986—and it is just administratively convenient to keep it that way. With a £50,000 salary to earn and a £617 million budget to deploy—albeit much of it for interest on building loans to the GLC—the chairman cannot be forever shuttling across the Thames. He is, nonetheless, carefully attuned to distress signals from the South Bank.

"Motivation," says Taylor, "is the general problem in County Hall. You can understand it. People are bound to feel that the quicker they do a job, the quicker they're out of a job."

The introduction of a crafty system of bonus payments goes some of the way—though not all—to meeting this problem. It is, however, difficult to imagine that motivation has ever been a serious problem with "Tag" Taylor (the nickname comes from an enlivener of Taylor A. G.).

Son of a Manchester railwayman, he started his working life as an apprentice costing and estimating clerk for a Stockport printing company. During the war he saw active service as a Fleet Air Arm pilot flying Seafires from the deck of HMS *Implacable*. He last piloted a plane 20 years ago when a friend who



»→ was at the controls saw there was snow on the runway at Blackbushe and asked if Taylor wouldn't mind getting them down. More recently, Taylor's main mechanical interest has been in fast sports cars and seeing how they zip around the corkscrew coastal roads near his home in Hove.

He resumed his career in printing after the war and began a political one in 1951 when he was elected to the council of the London borough of Sutton. Within a few years he was leader of the council and by the end of the 1960s had been elevated to chairman of the London Boroughs Association. Along the way he was one of the main participants in the discussion that led to the establishment of the GLC. In 1980 he sold the printing company he had built up and was knighted for his services as chairman of the Association of Metropolitan Authorities (AMA).

At the AMA Taylor was considered anything but Thatcherite. He was a vigorous critic of government attempts to weaken the autonomy of

local authorities. He strongly opposed legislation to force spending cuts by the use of local budget referendums. And even Labour opponents were heard to say that his opposition to the Government's unitary grant proposals was more effective than their own.

When he was appointed chairman of the Southern Water Authority in 1981 many in local government said it had been done only to shut him up.

It seemed strange that he should now be the symbol of Mrs Thatcher's triumph over "Red" Ken Livingstone and all his works. Why did he take the job? The short response was "because a minister asked me". The longer answer was that he felt that "the GLC had been going off the rails for some time". Without saying a word against (or for) Ken Livingstone, he felt that there was no doubt that authority had become wasteful and overblown.

"Whether it could have been reformed from within, I don't know—I haven't addressed my mind to that. But the only way in the end

was abolition and when that's done we can see what is required—if anything."

Taylor tends to see the machinery of politics as being akin to other types of machinery. Function is all. He also sees himself as very much a practical boroughs man and the boroughs, even when the GLC was alive, had the graver responsibilities, accounting for 80 per cent of all council services. The conviction that his present job is making local government more efficient is what renders him immune to the needling remarks of opponents. It was Livingstone inevitably who got off the best crack: "Having taken away the Londoner's right to vote in local elections, they have now appointed someone who couldn't have got elected anyway."

Taylor's revenge was less witty but more substantial. In a lightning court action the LRB managed to retrieve £45 million directed to GLC housing renovation by Livingstone's "tombstone funding" techniques, designed to commit the authority's funds after

formal abolition.

In pursuit of function he is still highly sensitive to symbol. "Mine is primarily an administrative job," he says, "but there's no denying that it has great political overtones." Wherever possible all signs and symbols relating to the old order have been effaced.

"GLC" has been removed from the massive incinerator in Edmonton, though it survives on the recycling plant in the Labour heartland of Newham. County Hall no longer parades its huge banner detailing the total of London's jobless. But County Hall, completed in 1933 for the old London County Council, is itself of course the most potent symbol of London's desire for its own government. Taylor has high-priority plans to sell it off.

Of all the property sales envisaged by the LRB, that of County Hall is by far the most complex. For one thing it is still the home of the Inner London Education Authority (ILEA), which feels that it has rights to acquire the building for a bargain-basement price. Taylor has a dusty answer for that. But there is also the problem of the LRB's own workforce (the remaining former GLC employees). It is hoped that their number will be reduced by transfers, retirements and redundancies but there are still likely to be 2,000 in County Hall a year from now.

To cap it all the planning authority for County Hall is Lambeth, one of the London boroughs most committed to the "Save the GLC" campaign. He says, "I think we can be reasonably certain that Lambeth won't go along with anything we want." Then adds with a glint, "but we can always appeal to the Minister."

The LRB has already had an expert study done which implies that the building could have a multitude of uses, from hotel to fun palace. Ironically, the one area diagnosed as weak is office use—it is not generally up to central London standards. He seriously hopes to complete a sale within a year though this presumes finding a most unusual type of landlord, one with a taste for lots of cantankerous sitting tenants.

Critics of the LRB operation see it as being deeply undemocratic. Everything is decided by Taylor with the six appointed board members (see box) at their Monday meetings behind closed doors at St Vincent's House. Moreover, in relation with the boroughs all negotiations tend to take place at official level. Politicians rarely get a look in.

He says that to some degree this is the politicians' own fault. At the outset the LRB was supposed to work closely with a new organization called the London Co-ordinating Committee (LCC) drawing on political representatives of the 33 London boroughs. The tone was set by one of its early meetings when argument raged for almost an hour, dividing on

#### OLD GLC SERVICES THAT ARE CAUSING PROBLEMS

**Debt.** The GLC loan debt is £2.6 million, some of it dating back to pre-Second World War loans to the old London County Council. It is hoped that the GLC property sales will clear £1 billion and that some of the debt—like GLC mortgages to householders and housing associations—can be sold off. Currently, the cost of servicing the debt is met by the LRB levy and charges on the boroughs.

**Education.** The Inner London Education Authority (ILEA) has expanded with the collapse of the GLC. ILEA has been among the authorities most eager to take on former GLC workers, enlarging its 10,000 administrative and technical staff by another 4,000. Half of the new intake previously did most of their work for the ILEA and the rest supplied support services, from transport to recreation, drawn on by the education authority. The ILEA has also taken over much of the old authority's supply function. Previously the ILEA was the main customer of the GLC's central buying service. It still has a staff of more than 2,500 in County Hall and is not inclined to budge.

**Parks.** More than 40 GLC parks and open spaces along with 400 staff have been transferred to the local boroughs.

Most of the assignments were made on logical lines. The problem that has defied all logic is Hampstead Heath, which verges on three boroughs and has a staff of 126. It has so far proved unassignable.

**Property.** The valuers, lawyers and finance people in the property group are currently the most cherished people in County Hall. Their rugged assignment is to plough through all the old deeds preparing a sale of the century of the GLC's surplus assets. Their most awesome job is to sell the roof over their own heads, a project opposed by many of the building's inhabitants.

**Research.** The research and intelligence department, with a staff of 162, is linked to the mainframe computer in County Hall. Over the years it has developed an expertise that is much in demand by London boroughs, particularly in the areas of employment, housing and social policy. Too big to be assigned to any one borough, the LRB is still looking for its new home.

**Roads.** Responsibility for highways was effortlessly transferred—800 miles to the boroughs, 65 miles to the Department of Transport. The problem has been where to put urban traffic

control, a highly computerized operation governing all inner London's traffic lights and costing over £5 million a year to run. Now the responsibility of the Department of Transport, it still resides on the fifth floor of County Hall, increasingly unwanted by the LRB. It could cost £70 million to move it elsewhere.

**Nuclear attack.** Civil defence is now one of the main duties of the new London Fire Brigade and Civil Defence Authority. Its emergency planning unit under Air Commodore George Innes is now hunkered down in what was the GLC's Kingsway underground centre. It has responsibility for civil defence in the event of nuclear attack. However, no such clear provision has been made for civil emergencies of a Chernobyl type. Peacetime emergency powers lapsed with the GLC.

**Science.** There were GLC scientists on the roof of County Hall checking the atmosphere for radiation levels after Chernobyl. To some extent orphaned by the absence of the fire service, the 165 people in scientific services do other useful things like test building materials and make pollution checks. A House of Lords select committee firmly recommended against any dispersal of the GLC's scientific services.



political lines, about whether sandwiches should be served. Taylor was among those who hoped the LCC would bring the warring London boroughs together in common endeavours, but it was not to be.

The LCC has not met for months now and he cannot say he is sorry: "The London political scene at the moment is a plague on your opponents' house and that's not conducive to getting anything done."

In the political vacuum, however, wild rumour sometimes has its place. It is said, for example, that the property sales programme, designed to raise £1 billion and pay off a good slice of the GLC's loan debt, is a disaster area. The scale of the operation is said to be larger than anyone envisaged, and LRB men are having to slog through still-unopened boxes of property deeds transferred when Middlesex came into the GLC back in 1965. The other snag is said to be that large numbers of finance and valuation people checked out when the GLC was abolished—just the people the LRB needed to stay on to run the property boom.

Taylor says the rumour is wrong. It is lawyers they are missing, not the valuation staff. It was true that appraising the holdings—ranging from the freeholds of Centre Point and St Katharine's Dock to small front gardens in Beckenham bought for long-forgotten road-widening schemes—had been a colossal operation, but they now knew what they had. Properties with a continuing function, such as fire stations, naturally went to successor authorities but that still left 6,000 to sell.

His more immediate problem is Hampstead Heath. The Heath comes into his category of an issue that is small in financial terms but massive in terms of man hours directed to a solution.

He essentially feels the issue has been misconceived. Because the Heath enjoyed London-wide funding, through the GLC, for its £2 million-a-year running cost, it is not necessarily a good idea to seek London-wide funding now. In his view the more distant boroughs would resent the levy, and management standards would decline in consequence. Better to anchor the responsibility firmly on the Heath's neighbouring boroughs.

## OLD GLC SERVICES ALREADY IN NEW HANDS



**Arts.** Responsibility now transferred to the boroughs with funding for major institutions coming via the Arts Council. The Council watches over the South Bank Board, a quango which has taken in its charge the GLC's most conspicuous cultural asset—the South Bank Centre. The GLC's 100-strong staff at the Centre is now employed by the Board.

**Bridges.** The GLC maintained a strong presence on the Thames. Bridges have in most cases gone to the boroughs. Blackwall Tunnel and Woolwich Ferry, however, now come under the Department of Transport.

**Business.** The GLC's Greater London Enterprise Board originally seemed ripe for the axe until Kenneth Baker (then Environment Minister) decided it should have a place. The GLEB invests in selected small businesses mainly in the inner city. It has survived in reduced form and is now funded by 12 boroughs, who contribute £100,000 each to its running costs.

**Fire brigade.** The largest single group of GLC employees—8,000 in all—were in the fire service. This was hived off with great speed to the new London Fire Brigade and Civil Defence authority. It is one of the few bodies empowered to levy a rate for its services directly on the ratepayer. The first levy of £152.4 million was a 10 per cent increase on the GLC's last fire budget but its civil defence function has

expanded. The new body has also taken over part of the GLC's street-naming function.

**Grants.** The grants of Livingstone's GLC to gays and fringe groups aroused much criticism, even from those who otherwise supported the GLC. The facility still survives in a London Boroughs Grants Unit based at Richmond. With a budget of £24 million it processes grants to London voluntary groups that seem deserving. Grants policy is said to be more cautious and conventional than in the past.

**Historic buildings.** The GLC's three historic homes, Kenwood in Hampstead, Marble Hill House in Twickenham and the Ranger's House in Blackheath, have been allotted to the Historic Buildings and Monuments Commission (English Heritage) under the chairmanship of Lord Montagu of Beaulieu. English Heritage, with additional Government funding, is also taking charge of the GLC's archaeology service, the protection of historic buildings and the blue plaque scheme. The new management involves the transfer of 136 staff from the GLC.

**Housing.** Home for the housing and architectural skills of the old GLC is the new Central Technical Unit. Some 300 architects, surveyors and building specialists are involved in building and renovating contracts already let by the GLC. Management is provided by a consortium of seven boroughs—Hackney,

Lambeth, Southwark, Lewisham, Tower Hamlets, Newham and Greenwich.

**Museums and Monuments.** The Horniman Museum, employing 60, and the Geffrye Museum, employing 20, are now run by the ILEA. Westminster gets Cleopatra's Needle.

**Sports.** The Sports Council was given an extra £5 million to finance takeover of the main GLC sporting interests. As a result the Council now runs Crystal Palace National Sports Centre and will participate in the organization of the London Marathon. It also became responsible for London-wide sports championships and providing coaching and grants. Local sports grounds have been allocated to the boroughs.

**Thames Barrier.** Most visible and surviving monument of the GLC, the Thames Barrier has gone to the Thames Water Authority along with the sewer and pumping station branch in Canning Town. The TWA has also picked up responsibility for land drainage schemes, GLC reservoirs, London's flood defences and warnings, monuments along the river bank and eight Thames piers and 450 former GLC staff.

**Waste disposal.** The GLC had no rival as a disposer of rubbish—getting rid of 3.5 million tons each year. The job is now done by seven different boards, grouping local authorities together by area. An eighth board, the London Waste Regulation Board, has also been set up to deal with hazardous waste.

Taylor's most recent approach has been to set out all the proposed solutions, including the ones he cannot abide, in the form of a discussion document for all the interested parties and the boroughs. The deadline for their response is September 30 and he is hoping against hope that some kind of consensus will emerge.

It all seems rather out of character for a man so accustomed to brisk executive action but he has a poli-

tician's instinct for when to hasten slowly. This was an issue on which the LRB not only had to consult, but had to be seen to be consulting: "We'd be damned forever if we weren't."

The intriguing aspect of the whole Taylor operation is that he does not appear to have actually abolished anything the GLC did. Though some of the radical initiatives in terms of police, women and ethnic minorities

seemed threatened, these have all been taken over by the London Strategic Policy Unit, a kind of GLC-in-exile, set up by eight inner London Labour authorities. In all other areas, from Streetwise Kids, a GLC road-safety programme, to the care of Cleopatra's Needle, the LRB's aim has been to preserve under new management. In retrospect the GLC's crime becomes clear—it was not what it did, but the way it did it.

## The London Residuary Body's Board Members apart from Sir Godfrey Taylor



**Jack Esling**, 61, retired personnel director of the Thames Water Authority. Mainly concerned with staff matters on the LRB. Salary £24,000 a year for a four-day week.



**Michael Roberts**, 48, partner in the city accountants, Deloitte, Hoskins & Sells. Handles financial side of the LRB's activities. Salary £18,000 a year for a three-day week.



**Wallace Mackenzie**, 65, MD of Slough Estates, one of Britain's top industrial landlords. Overseas disposal of the GLC's huge property holdings. Salary £12,000 a year for a two-day week.



**Alan Blakemore**, 65, retired chief executive of Croydon Council. His special area on the LRB includes legal affairs and liaison. Salary £12,000 a year for a two-day week.



**Jack Wolkind**, 66, retired chief executive of Tower Hamlets. Also involved in legal matters and liaison duties with the boroughs. Salary £12,000 a year for a two-day week.



**Peter Bowness**, 43, head of Tory-controlled Croydon Council and the London Co-ordinating Committee. Represents borough view on the LRB. Salary £6,000 a year for a one-day week.





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No, no, not a Porsche 924S. No, you get change from £10,000 with the one we're talking about.

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# IS YOUR NEIGHBOUR WATCHING ?

Within three years nearly 5,000 neighbourhood watch schemes have sprung up in London. Leana Pooley describes their impact on street life and crime.

One of the most remarkable visual changes in London in recent years has been a rash of orange spots spreading across the face of our streets. A visitor might wonder at the sight of row upon row of suburban villas with an orange patch in the window, as if to warn passers-by of plague within. In fact, the reverse is true—the orange stickers are a sign that the residents have banded together, against the plague of crime outside, to form a neighbourhood watch scheme.

The neighbourhood watch movement started in America and with several modifications moved to this country in the autumn of 1983. The idea is for neighbours to get to know each other, to group together and present a united front to villains of all kinds. The common enemy is the opportunist burglar who spots an empty house with an open window or insecure front door and nips in and out in a few minutes. For this reason neighbours are exhorted to report suspicious strangers to the police, to watch each other's homes and to let each other know when they're going on holiday. Much emphasis is put on good security locks, alarm systems and the marking of personal possessions.

The Americans form themselves into vigilante groups to patrol their streets but in Britain this is considered too militant by half. A British street with a neighbourhood watch scheme in operation will have a main organizer (called a co-ordinator) and there will be regular meetings between residents and their local home beat police officer, and a regular newsletter.

There are now nearly 5,000 schemes in London, varying in size from a cosy cul-de-sac of a few houses to a long street containing hundreds of households. According

to Commander Larry Roach, head of A7, the community relations branch of Scotland Yard, there is tremendous demand with as many as 200 new schemes being set up each month.

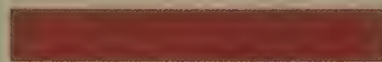
Curiously, despite this overwhelming response from the public, no one really knows whether neighbourhood watch schemes work. The results of current research studies will not be known until early next year. In any event the success of a scheme may prove hard to quantify. For one to be shown to do well, does the crime rate in the street have to fall significantly? Or is the flow of information to the police greatly increased? Or, since the idea behind the whole thing is crime prevention, have there been soaring sales of locks and alarm systems as streets arm themselves against a crime wave?

Commander Roach sees a successful neighbourhood watch scheme as something more idealistic, less easy to pin down: "We hope the schemes will improve the quality of life. We hope that people will feel safer and make their neighbours feel safer." Commander Roach spent his childhood in Harlesden, "when I was there, there was no crime because everyone knew everyone else. If any stranger walked into the street all the kids would rush up to him asking him who he was." Some people, however, have doubts about joining a scheme because they might be called on to be "narks" or police informers. This fear surprised Commander Roach: "It is the duty of a citizen to obey the law and to assist in the maintenance of the law." He went on to say that although some people may enjoy the anonymity of London life, most people would prefer to be on friendly terms with their neighbours—even putting up

with nosiness or cutting remarks—rather than be burgled or mugged. "We want to re-create the good things of village life."

For the past 18 months Scotland Yard has been carrying out its own research into neighbourhood watch schemes. So far Commander Roach has nothing tangible to go on, only a gut feeling that they are working

The success of schemes depends entirely upon the enthusiasm or otherwise of police and residents.



well. So well, he guesses, that displacement of crime may be taking place where thieves deliberately shun the orange-speckled streets and move to unwatched territory.

Commander Roach, incidentally, lives in Borehamwood in a road without a neighbourhood watch scheme because, he explains with some embarrassment, the houses are too far apart for the residents to keep a neighbourly eye on them.

Dr Trevor Bennett of the Cambridge Institute of Criminology, who is also undertaking detailed research into neighbourhood watch schemes, confirms that proximity is a prerequisite. Funded by the Home Office, his investigation started on

January 1, 1985 and the result will be published, probably in book form, next January. With the help of the Metropolitan Police, he found two streets for potentially successful schemes—one in Acton, the other in Wimbledon. Dr Bennett says, "I wanted ordinary residences with backs and fronts. Terraced houses are ideal because the residents can easily keep an eye on their surroundings. Neighbourhood watch schemes which consist of a block of flats and a bit of a street would have been impossible to evaluate."

For comparison two further streets were chosen, without neighbourhood watch schemes, one next to the Wimbledon street (to test the displacement theory) and the other in a totally different part of London.

Last summer Dr Bennett commissioned National Opinion Poll to carry out a survey of these streets, asking questions covering the previous year—about the residents' fear of crime, the crimes committed and about their relationship with the police. Soon afterwards, neighbourhood watch schemes were set up in the two main streets. This summer another survey was carried out to assess effectiveness of the schemes. Dr Bennett will be analysing the answers in the coming months.

Tim Hope took a different approach in his work for the Home Office's research study "Taking Account of Crime: Key Findings from the 1984 Crime Survey". For this some 11,000 people were asked, among other things, whether they would join a neighbourhood watch scheme and whether they thought such a scheme would work. He used the Acorn classification system ➡

Right, Robert Murray-Willis, co-ordinator of a scheme in Balham, one of the first to be set up in London.









»→ which, instead of dividing people up into the old socio-economic ratings, uses instead their immediate home territory. There are 11 Acorn groups (Acorn stands for A Classification of Residential Neighbourhood), the principle being that people who live in the same neighbourhood share characteristics of class, income and lifestyle.

Detailed results showed that the highest support for the idea of neighbourhood watch schemes came from the group described as Modern Family Houses, Higher Incomes (outer suburban new houses, young families). Two other keen areas were Poor Quality Older Terraced Housing (Coronation Street springs to mind) and Better-Off Council Estates. The lowest level of support came from Agricultural Areas and Inner City Non-Owner-Occupied.

Tim Hope says that for people to want to join a neighbourhood watch scheme there have to be two conditions: a perception of risk and a community feeling. "In agricultural areas people don't feel too worried about burglaries. As to community feeling, you must be prepared to pay the cost in terms of sharing your privacy with other people. Young people living in the inner city in flats may not want to do that. As far as individuals are concerned we have found that owner-occupiers are more likely to join neighbourhood watch schemes than tenants; a family

is more likely to join than divorced or separated people and the poor are the least likely of all to join. The sort of people who'd join a neighbourhood watch scheme are the sort who'd volunteer for other things."

Further insights into the effectiveness of neighbourhood watch comes from Malcolm Hibberd of the Police Foundation, a charity set up in 1981 to carry out research on the police. For the last four years he has been evaluating the neighbourhood policing scheme including neighbourhood watch in Notting Hill. According to Hibberd the success of neighbourhood watch schemes depends entirely upon the enthusiasm or otherwise of the participants—police and residents. He claims that "some have little substance beyond stickers". In his experience the best schemes are those that are set up where there is already an existing tenants' or garden association. They must be active and vibrant to be effective. He gives as an example a low-rise tower block in Notting Hill, not the ideal setting for neighbourhood watch, but where, in this case, the scheme is run by an alert, concerned, well meaning busybody who manages to chivvy the other residents into attending meetings and taking an interest in their surroundings.

In a more middle-class area neighbourhood watch schemes have provided an excuse for increased social

**The most manageable size is about 60 households with one co-ordinator per 25 to 30.**

activity—Hibberd cites a successful example in a leafy, expensive road in Holland Park which was started by two writers who wanted to get to know their neighbours and whose meetings are more like parties.

Generally, though, Hibberd expresses doubts: "I don't think we're that community-minded in this country. In order to get round our inhibitions schemes have to be very carefully planned and implemented. Of course, just setting one up—having that first meeting where everyone talks about burglaries and gets worried—can achieve a short-term change in attitude. But if that change is to be maintained it will need continuous input by the community leader. That kind of community leadership is not all that widespread."

The experience of Sergeant

MacKenzie of Tooting Division, who set up the very first neighbourhood watch scheme in London, bears this out. In the autumn of 1983 an elderly man was assaulted by a burglar in his house in Kenlor Road. His neighbours were outraged, sympathetic and shocked. Talking to them, Sergeant MacKenzie realized that they all needed to focus on something collectively and, as he had heard about the American neighbourhood watch schemes, suggested to his Inspector that they set one up there. It was a success to begin with but when the original co-ordinator left and the road went for a long period without any crime the scheme lost impetus and died.

Sergeant MacKenzie is one of two sergeants at Trinity Road police station in charge of setting up neighbourhood watch schemes and the day-to-day supervision of 21 home beat officers covering an area of 4½ square miles. Since those early beginnings at Kenlor Road he has seen the startling and rapid growth of neighbourhood watch schemes in his patch—up to the end of 1984 there were 55 groups (1,400 households), by the end of 1985 there were an additional 76 groups (2,668 households) and by the first half of 1986 a further 59 groups (2,300 households). One in six households in that police division is involved in neighbourhood watch. Sergeant MacKenzie is sceptical whether this



**Sergeant MacKenzie, who supervises home beat officers in South Wimbledon, with co-ordinator Keith Brookfield.**

quantity of participation has had any radical effect on local crime because, although in 1985 there was a 13 per cent reduction in burglaries over the previous year and a similar reduction for the first half of this year, these figures are mirrored by the rest of London. He feels, however, that the schemes are valuable in building bridges between residents and police.

Since 1983 there have been numerous modifications, and now Sergeant MacKenzie is fairly confident about what sort of scheme is workable. He reckons the most manageable size is about 60 households—a street with more will be divided into two or more schemes—with one co-ordinator per 25 to 30 households. As far as he is concerned there need be only two or three people eager to start a scheme in a street. He will expect them to canvas their neighbours so that at least 50 per cent respond positively and come to the first meeting at a local hall where either he or his fellow sergeant, together with the home beat officer and crime prevention officer, will explain how neighbourhood watch works. For a street to achieve some sort of official status as a neighbourhood watch scheme, with orange shields fixed to lamp-posts at each point of entry, Sergeant MacKenzie demands that at least 60 per cent of the households be enthusiastic and supportive.

"The setting up of neighbourhood watch schemes has grown beyond our expectations," says Sergeant MacKenzie, "and used up more resources than we planned for. We are always conscious of the cost but we rate the value and benefits very highly in this division." Part of the cost is spent on printing 7,000 quarterly newsletters which is not something that every police division does for its neighbourhood watchers.

So if, according to the experts, a scheme has a greater chance of success in an easily surveyable street of terraced houses, full of gregarious people, worried about crime and organized by an extrovert and efficient personality, what do the residents themselves think?

Eric Lancaster has been co-ordinator of Rossiter Road, SW12 neighbourhood watch scheme since its inception in 1983; it was one of the earliest to be set up in Tooting and one of the first in London. He believes the calibre of the local home beat officer is of vital importance. "Our first home beat officer was very enthusiastic and intelligent. Unfortunately he was promoted quite quickly which I'm afraid is always going to happen—the best officers won't be with us for long. After he'd gone we got one who didn't really believe in the scheme

and we all started to lose heart. It's very important that there's a flow of information. I feel very strongly that if one of my neighbours hands me something they've found in their front garden, a wallet or a handbag thrown down, and I hand it to the home beat officer, then we should be thanked and told what's happened to it eventually. If my neighbour doesn't hear anything he may not bother in future."

Robert Murray-Willis is co-ordinator of Martindale Road, SW12, a scheme set up on November 1, 1983 in what Dr Bennett would consider perfect surroundings—two low terraces of 12 Victorian cottages on either side of a quiet street. Murray-Willis echoes Eric Lancaster: "The perfect home beat officer should be fluent, articulate, helpful to the elderly, and to young and coloured people. He should be full of enthusiasm, self-sparking, not needing to be pushed. If you get one who can't speak at meetings then people will lose interest."

Looking back, both Murray-Willis and Lancaster are pleased that they instigated neighbourhood watch schemes; both talk of increased friendliness in their streets, a sense of belonging and caring that was absent before. Also, surrounded by the good will of their neighbours, residents feel far more secure. But like any other relationship, they warn, the neighbourhood watch scheme has to be constantly tended.

So if the schemes break down barriers between neighbours, foster caring, sharing attitudes, build bridges between public and police, do they also prevent crime? Commander Roach of Scotland Yard is convinced that they do but says that it would be difficult to prove.

Royal Insurance (UK), who in April launched their new HomeShield policy with a 5 per cent discount for home owners who are members of a neighbourhood watch scheme, might be expected to back up this offer by quoting some facts and figures. But a spokesperson says, "Although the evidence is not firm that schemes cut down burglaries, we just have a general feeling that they work." Both Chubb's and Banham's report increased sales of locks and alarms over the last two years which may be the result of neighbourhood watchers taking to heart the strictures of their local crime prevention officers. Locksmiths Crawford Security of North End Road, W14 say that the reason they sell more alarms than ever before is because "the police are doing a very good job of frightening people".

But Robert Murray-Willis believes that no amount of orange stickers will put off determined burglars: "Of course it's important to have good locks and alarms but probably if a thief is really keen the only things that will put him off are dogs and double glazing." ○

## SETTING UP A STREET SCHEME

It was discovered during the photographic session for the *ILN*'s front cover that the model, Moyra Swan, had, quite coincidentally, instigated a neighbourhood watch scheme in her own road.

Soon after Moyra and her husband moved to their present house just off Wandsworth Common in Clapham she realized two things: first, that there was a lot of crime in the surrounding area and, second, that few of her neighbours knew each other. Of the 25 or so houses, about half the residents were elderly working class and had lived most of their lives in the neighbourhood, and the other half, including Moyra, were the sort of young, middle-class professional couples who would have lived in Chelsea if they could have afforded to.

No specific incident sparked off her call just over a year ago to the local Lavender Hill police station to ask for more information. She explains, "I had seen the stickers going up elsewhere and it did occur to me that if burglars were put off by seeing them in the next street they might come here instead." She found her local police enthusiastic, urging her to persuade half the street's residents to join for the scheme to be viable.

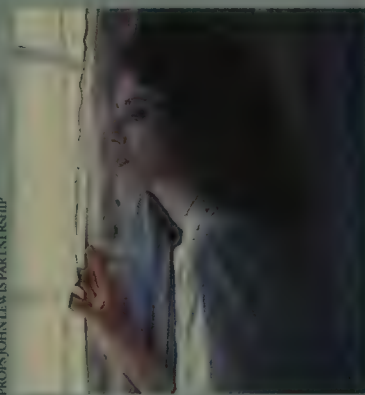
"I plodded from house to house and found that, without exception, everyone was enthusiastic. A few people had minor reservations—some thought they might have to patrol the streets, which, of course, you don't do; others thought the police presence would be a bit too intrusive but, again, they'd got the wrong idea and I just had to explain that all that would be expected of them would be to keep their eyes open and report anything suspicious to the police. An old lady next door didn't think she could help at all because she's not very mobile but, in fact, she's a perfect watcher, doesn't miss a thing outside her house."

As soon as Moyra had talked to her neighbours, she rang the police station again and a meeting was arranged for everyone at a local hall with a short film explaining neighbourhood watch schemes and crime prevention and a talk from the police. Moyra says, "At the time there was great enthusiasm which I'm afraid has worn off a bit. I became too busy."

What have been the benefits? "Everybody knows everyone else now. Also it helps with the British thing of not being nosy—if you belong to a neighbourhood watch

you've got a commission to interfere, you feel braver about investigating why Mrs Bloggs's alarm's going. The other evening a lot of dogs were barking in the street so I went out to see why and I saw a couple of neighbours had gone out too. Two years ago no one would have bothered".

To feel emboldened enough to investigate is a common side-effect of joining a scheme. Another advantage is knowing how to go about reporting something suspicious. A woman talking about the days before her street became a neighbourhood watch area said,



**Cover model Moyra Swan, who initiated a scheme in her neighbourhood.**

"I saw two men knock on the door of the house over the road. I knew the people were out and I was a bit worried. In fact I later heard that they were burgled that afternoon. But I had not wanted to interfere, hadn't known the phone number of the police station, thought if I did ring up they'd think I was a busybody. Now I'd immediately ring up our home beat officer."

Every resident of a street setting up a scheme is given a card with useful police phone numbers and told how to describe a suspicious person or car. They will also probably be given a talk by their local crime prevention officer on the most suitable locks for their houses and how best to protect and mark their property.







*Be aware of the wolf in sheep's clothing.*



PURE NEW WOOL







# TIBET: A WORLD APART

For years Tibet was a closed book, particularly after the country's revolt against the Chinese in 1959, when the Dalai Lama fled from the Potala, his residence in Lhasa, pictured on this page. But times have changed, and a Chinese photographer, who was able to travel there extensively, brings fresh insights.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WANG ZHI-PING





**T**ibet, "the roof of the world", occupies a high plateau in central Asia surrounded by mountains, including Mount Everest. Although bordered by China to the north, east and west, and by India, Nepal, Sikkim, Bhutan and Burma to the south, it is hard of access and until recently has remained tantalizingly isolated from the rest of the world.

Tibet had preserved itself as a unique entity with its own language, culture and religion until the Chinese invasion in 1951 established Communist authority. In 1959 savage Chinese oppression led to a Tibetan uprising at Lhasa, the capital and headquarters of the Dalai Lama, ruler and spiritual leader, who fled to permanent exile in India. Since 1965 Tibet has been an autonomous region of China, whose military dictatorship eventually established the Panchen Lama as leader and ordered the strict regimentation of the people and the destruction of hallowed temples and monasteries. Many fled to neighbouring lands: half of the three million Tibetans are refugees.

As a palliative the Chinese have provided modern benefits—schools, hospitals, improvements in agricultural methods—and have constructed two major roads linking Tibet with China. They refuse to build a railway as the underdeveloped economy does not warrant one. Approximately 30 per cent of Tibet's 470,000 square miles is uninhabitable, and the severe terrain and harsh climate allows farming only at subsistence level. In the northern steppelands nomads live in yak tents at base camps as high as 17,000 feet and during the summer wander in search of pasturage for their animals. The seminomads, and the farming communities in the valleys, live in stone- or brick-built villages.

It is a hard life, but despite past Chinese oppression the lifeblood and guiding force of Tibetans remains their religion—a form of Buddhism, in which they venerate a chosen lama as a divine being. Many continue to worship the Dalai Lama, whom the Chinese have invited to return from exile. Indeed, the Chinese have been making amends for the ravages of the past and in 1984 assigned a substantial sum for temple restoration.

The attitude to tourists has relaxed, too. Only in the last seven years have they been allowed into this fascinating and forgotten land.

**Our Travel Editor writes:** A number of UK-based travel companies arrange inclusive visits to Tibet, the only practical way to get there other than for the intrepid lone traveller.

"Journey across the Roof of the World"—London, Delhi, Kathmandu and into Tibet staying at Zhangmu, Xiahe, Shannan, and Lhasa, then to Chengdu, Hong Kong and back to London, 22 days. Travel by air and road; accompanied by a guest-lecturer and guides. Departure May 12, 1987. Future dates planned. Cost £2,840 (Swan Hellenic).

"Tibet and the Roof of the World"—London, Peking, Chengdu, Lhasa (five nights with excursions), Leshan, Kunming, Hong Kong and back to London, 19 days with guide-couriers. Departures September 21, October 19, and monthly April until October, 1987. Cost £2,595 (P & O Air Tours).

"The Mountain Peoples of the Himalayas—and the Tibetan Plateau"—London, Delhi, Darjeeling, Bhutan, Calcutta, Kathmandu, Tibet (Zhangmu, Xiahe, Saana, Lhasa), Chengdu, Kunming, Hong Kong and back to London, 25 days. Travel by air, road and rail. Guide-couriers throughout. Departures October 5 and 19 and monthly in March, April, May, 1987. Cost £2,950 (Voyages Jules Verne).

**Addresses:** China National Tourist Office, 4 Glentworth Street, London NW1 5PG (935 9427). Swan Hellenic, 77 New Oxford Street, WC1A 1PP (831 1616). P & O Air Holidays, 77 New Oxford Street, WC1A 1PP (831 1221). Voyages Jules Verne, 10 Glentworth Street, NW1 5PG (723 6556).

**Left, faces of Tibet. Right, a lama in prayer near the temple of Sela, with his back to a huge rock painting, characteristic of temples around Lhasa.**













Above left, a herdsman with yaks;  
left, inside a sherpa home on the Nepalese border;  
above, view of the Himalayas from the Dinaze region;  
right, a pilgrim walks round a wall  
of inscribed mani stones spinning  
his prayer wheel whose  
scrolls inside release holy  
invocations.







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# A USER'S GUIDE TO LONDON CLUBS

SEPT  
1986

HENRY PORTER REPORTS A REVIVAL AND PICKS TEN OF THE BEST

**T**he clubbable instinct of the British upper classes is a strange and wonderful phenomenon. Ever since a 17th-century Italian called Bianco changed his name to White and

founded the chocolate shop which is still known as White's, men of good birth and wealth have sought refuge from women and domestic anxiety behind the preferably classical proportions of their club. Indeed, the instinct may have appeared earlier. How else do you explain the time that Arthur spent with his round table of knights?

Why this should affect the British is a question for the anthropologist; suffice it to say that other great civilizations have not found the club a necessity. The Aztecs did not have a Boodles nor, as far as I know, did the Red Indians have a Brooks's, though, of course, they would have been eligible for the Savage Club.

Part of it is that the British male of certain means develops an acute conservatism after the age of 30. He likes to order the same food, to talk to the same barman, to sit in the same chair, to nod at the same faces and to gaze at the same paintings. The club allows him to do this for half his life and sometimes a great deal longer.

This is expressed beautifully by P. G. Wodehouse in the words of Bertie Wooster who has been billeted at the Senior Liberal Club while the Drones Club is having a wash and brush-up: "I mean, when you've got used to a club where everything's

nice and cheery and where, if you want to attract a chappie's attention, you heave a bit of bread at him, it kind of damps you down to come to a place where the youngest member is about 87 and it isn't considered form to talk to anyone unless you and he went through the Peninsular War together." Wooster misses the Drones as he would a loved one.

Indeed he probably misses it more, for the other part of the clubbable instinct derives from the British male's unease in the state of marriage. The French and Italians seek solace by taking mistresses, but by and large the British retreat into a world of leather-bound misogyny. In fact it is very surprising that more clubs have not been named as co-respondents in cases of infidelity. Anthony Lejeune and Malcolm Lewis in their book *The Gentlemen's Clubs of London* print this entry from the diary of a Victorian lady: "We have now been married exactly a year during which time my husband has dined with me but once. Every other night he dined at Mr Brooks's club."

For a ghastly moment in the mid 1970s, when Lejeune and Lewis were compiling their book, it looked as if nearly 300 years of club history was drawing rapidly to an end. The RAC, for instance, one of the most wealthy and apparently secure, suddenly announced that its finances had taken a turn for the worse and that it would have to introduce a levy on the membership. There were angry meetings and many other clubs began to feel the pinch; inflation was then high which affected both the clubs' costs and the memberships' ability to pay the

rising subscriptions. Many who had previously belonged to two or three clubs gave up at least one membership. The average membership fee of the 40 major clubs had risen from about £40 in 1970 to £150 in 1976. Today annual subscriptions average between £300 and £340.

This crisis, however, served clubland well, although many less successful ones closed or merged. The RAC completely reorganized its management and started actively to promote its considerable assets. Today you are far more likely to find a professional running a club than a retired army or naval officer. For example Bruce Scambeler, the secretary of the Travellers' Club, is an accountant. He points out that when clubs' overheads are between £80,000 and £90,000 a year, it is folly not to employ somebody who is trained to minimize costs and to maximize and deploy profits.

He believes that clubland is enjoying a considerable resurgence: "The rat race is much tougher and people want a definite break between leaving the office and going home to their wives. They like to pay a reasonable price for a good dinner and nowadays club meals tend to be rather good value."

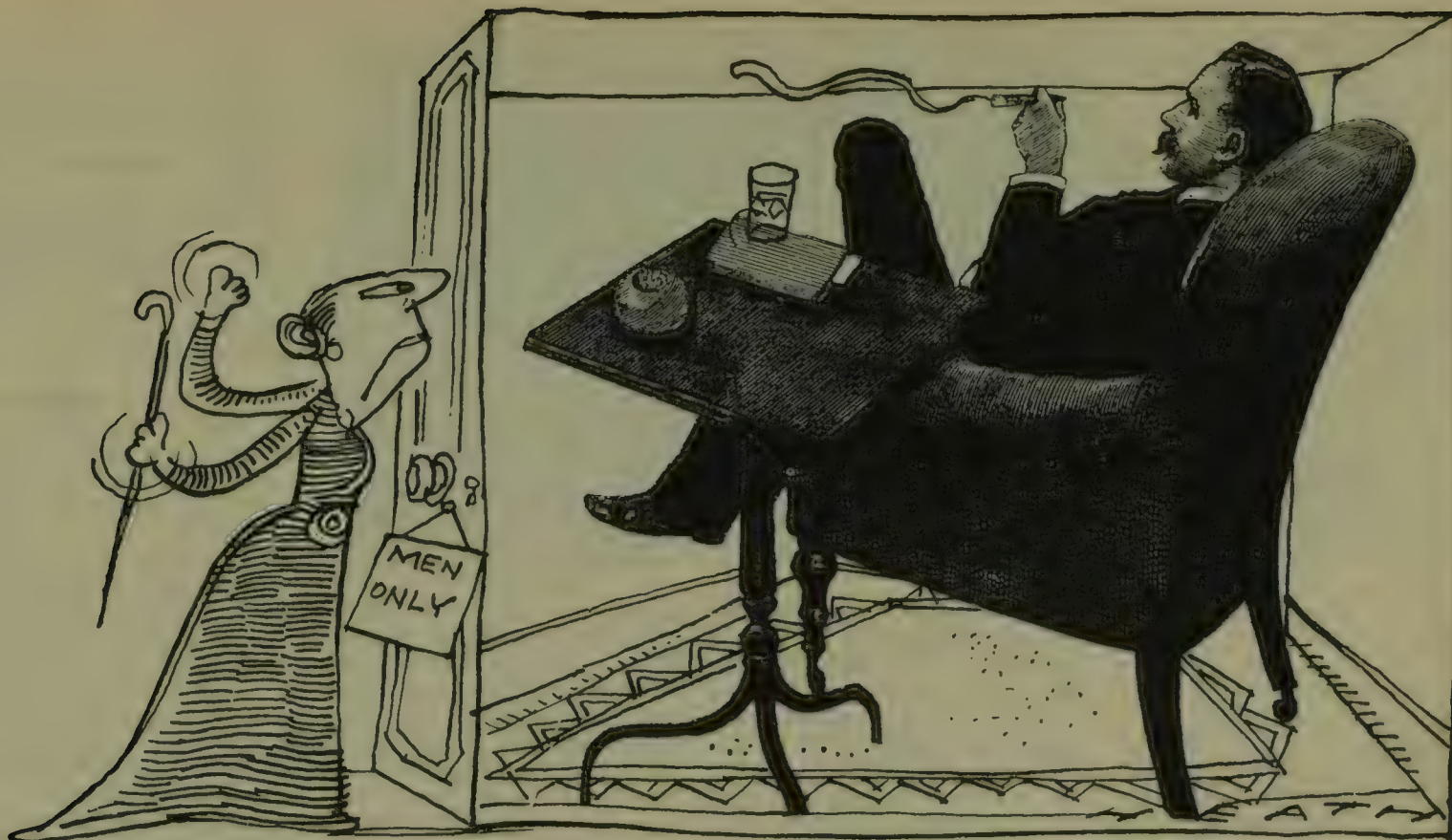
There is also a more interesting social change. Whereas in the 1970s it was unfashionable for a young man to join a club, today a young fogey will fervently desire membership of the Beefsteak, while a yuppie will almost certainly set his heart on the swimming pool and squash courts of the RAC. Across the spectrum there has been a revival which is as easily seen in the Chelsea Arts Club as in the Reform. Even the founding and

rapid success of the Groucho Club in Soho is a sign of the change.

The new popularity has already resulted in long waiting lists and I suppose we may yet see a renewal of the zealous blackballing of the Victorian era. It has to be remembered that the procedure whereby a member may anonymously thwart the application of another causes great hurt and has claimed a number of famous victims. Thackeray was blackballed from the Travellers' and latterly Lord Longford was rejected from the City Club because of his socialist views. Clubs are places where intense emotions are generated about the slightest issues and personality traits. However we have yet to return to the late Victorian era when a member of the Garrick wrote: "It would be better that 10 unobjectionable men should be excluded than one terrible bore should be admitted."

The revival should be welcomed whether you are clubbable or perceive clubland as a fortress of fixing, privilege and gossip. Aside from anything else, clubland has some of the best architecture and interiors in London which without prosperity would almost certainly fall into disrepair or, worse still, become the offices of insurance companies and dealers in pork-belly futures. There is something rather reassuring about finding the spot where Trollope composed part of the *Barsetshire Novels* in the Athenaeum or running your hand down the rail which was fixed to the Travellers' Club stairway for Talleyrand, or sitting in the bar at White's and imagining Evelyn Waugh with a glass in his hand looking like a malign puffer fish.





## ATHENAEUM

107 Pall Mall, SW1 (930 4843).  
 Membership: 1,750; £345 a year (£150 joining fee).  
 Bedrooms: 13 (cost not available).  
 Reciprocal arrangements: The Cosmos Club, Washington and the Century Association, New York.  
 Hours: Mon to Fri, 8am-midnight.

The Athenaeum was said by Rudyard Kipling to be like a "cathedral between services". I feel that it is more like the senior common room at Oxford between lectures. There is about the classical building an air of gravity and scholarship, of disapproval and habit, of knowledge and prejudice.

The great white building of 1830, adorned with its replica of a Greek frieze, is the first in the line of clubs which stretches along the south side of Pall Mall. It expresses everything the founder John Crocker wanted: "An association of individuals known for their scientific and literary attainments, artists of eminence... noblemen and gentlemen distinguished as liberal patrons."

The Athenaeum has never seriously considered opening its membership to women. However it is not short of male members, despite the £345 a year subscription, for it is the establishment club *par excellence*. The food, it must be said, can be equalled by most restaurants and one feels that the wicker and wood wheelchairs which once transported Sir Michael Faraday around the place could be used by some of the present members, who hobble from room to room muttering about the decline of *The Times*.

## GARRICK

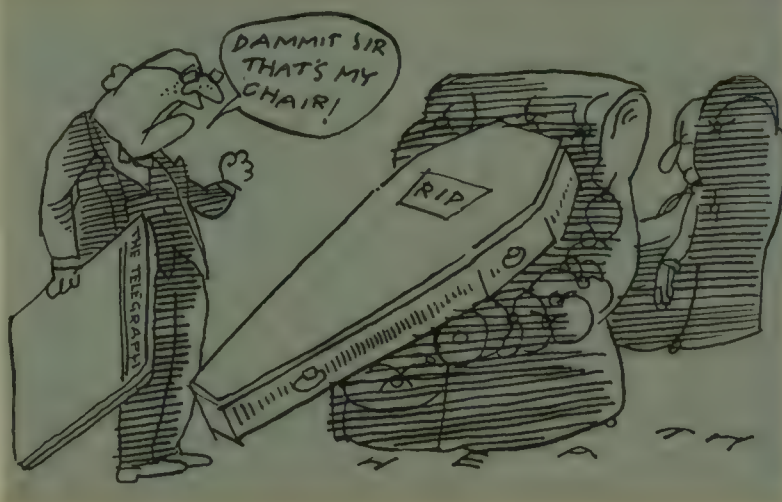
15 Garrick Street, WC2 (379 6478).  
 Membership: 950; £362.50 a year.  
 Bedrooms: None.  
 Reciprocal arrangements: Several clubs around the world.  
 Hours: Every day, 10am-midnight.

For many, the Garrick is the most desirable club in London. It places a premium on good conversation and the committee has been vigilant against the inclusion of bores or those likely to offend other members. Some would argue that it has been over-vigilant, particularly in the case of the columnist Bernard Levin who was blackballed after a famous incident in which he attacked Lord Goddard, a Lord Chief Justice, in print the day after his death. More recently two other members, the editor of *The Observer* Donald Treford and the Attorney General Sir Michael Havers, found

themselves on opposing sides of a court. Generally, though, the journalists, lawyers and actors who constitute the majority of the membership get on well.

The Garrick, founded in 1831, is less misogynist than most clubs and women are frequent guests in the club's dining rooms. If the Travellers' has the most elegant library, the Garrick possesses the best dining room. It is formal but not pompous and one of the most romantic places to dine. Not surprisingly it has a waiting list of 10 years, which may be jumped only if you are Prince Charles, who has just become eligible to wear the distinctive salmon-and-cucumber-striped club tie. The cost of membership is relatively high (£362.50 a year) so the club is safe financially. One feels that as long as Barbary apes continue to live on the Rock of Gibraltar and journalists continue to hob-nob with judges at the Garrick, Britain is safe. ➤➤➤

“THE FRENCH AND ITALIANS SEEK SOLACE BY TAKING MISTRESSES... THE BRITISH RETREAT INTO A WORLD OF LEATHER-BOUND MISOGYNY.”





## TRAVELLERS'

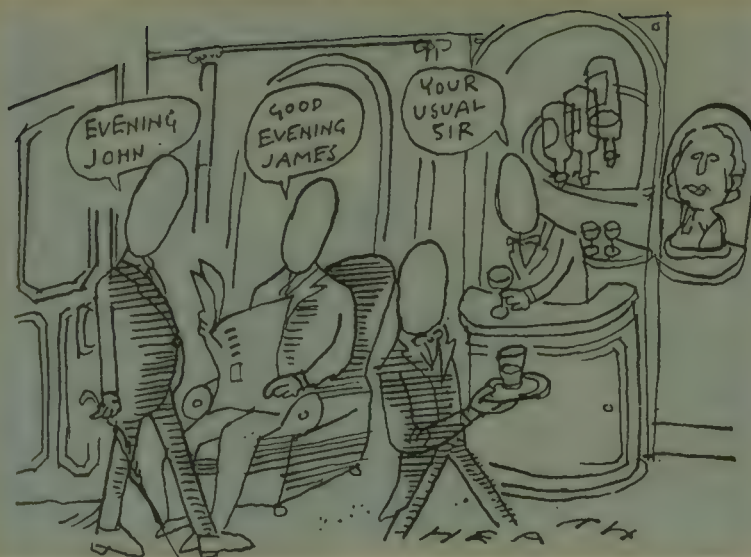
106 Pall Mall, SW1 (930 8688).

Membership: 1,100; £360 a year.

Bedrooms: 22 (single £30).

Reciprocal arrangements: Several including the Princeton Club, New York, the Australian Club, Sydney, the Muthaiga Country Club, Nairobi and the Club Nacional, Lima.

Hours: Mon to Fri 7am-midnight.



The Travellers' Club at 106 Pall Mall was conceived in 1819 as a meeting place for men of good standing, adventure and experience abroad. The founding members and all subsequent members had to prove that they had travelled at least 500 miles away from London in a direct line. In reality the Regency gentlemen who occupied the building, designed by Charles Barry in the Italian *palazzo* style, were probably not so much interested in travel as in gambling with those who had done well abroad. The present secretary Bruce Scambeler, who has just completed a history of the club, has no illusions about the lifestyle of the early members who, he said, "would lunch late, visit their tailors and then leave by the back door to spend the rest of the afternoon in the bordellos behind Savile Row. The evening would be spent dressing, dining, drinking and playing cards."

Today, of course, members probably forgo most of these activities. There is still a strong connexion with the Foreign Office and the western alliance's diplomatic corps and much out of hours diplomacy must have been conducted in the discreet and excellent dining rooms. The beautiful library, where members are required to be silent, is to my mind one of the most elegant interiors in London. The club is restoring the front of the building and has extensive plans for refurbishment inside, which include the utilization of the central well. Annual membership fee is around £360 and all looks well with the Travellers' although members still get rather irritated by American visitors who refuse to use the hat-stands and carry their belongings into the bar as if they were at risk of being stolen.

## REFORM

104-105 Pall Mall, SW1 (930 9374).

Membership: 1,900; £345 a year.

Bedrooms: 35 (single, £25; double, £35).

Reciprocal arrangements: Several including the Lotus Club and the Players in New York and the St James's Club, Montreal.

Hours: Mon to Fri, 7.30am-midnight.

The Reform Club dates from 1836 and was dedicated then to the discussion and pursuit of radical ideas. Even today members are required to support the principles of the Reform Act which should present few problems. However, when Arkady Maslennikov, the London correspondent of *Pravda*, avowed his support,

some of the members did not believe him and he was blackballed.

In 1981 club membership was opened to women. Although there was much talk at the time of mass resignations, the great building in Pall Mall, designed like its neighbour the Travellers' in the Italian *palazzo* style, has been little affected. It is famed for its library, which is grand but a less intimate room than its counterpart at the Travellers'. Occasionally the library is hired out for literary parties. Indeed, the entire club may be hired, as it was for *Private Eye*'s 21st anniversary celebrations or for the photographic session in which Paula Yates draped herself in the nude in various positions over the club's leather furniture.

In the past, great figures of politics and scandal have frequented the building. Churchill and Lloyd George, Cobden and Bright, Palmerston, Gladstone and Thorpe and Burgess. The membership fee of £345 a year is worthwhile if only to walk around the club's fine rooms and magnificent galleried marble hall every so often.

## WHITE'S

37-38 St James's Street, SW1 (493 6671).

Membership: 1,300; £350 a year.

Bedrooms: None.

Reciprocal arrangements: None.

Hours: Mon to Fri, 9.30am-midnight.

A person who knows nothing about London clubland will at least have heard about the White's "Shit of The Year" competition which is defamatorily monitored in *Private Eye* magazine. It should be made clear at once that this is the creation of the gossip columnist Nigel Dempster. However, it is so successful that many members of White's believe that there is an informal committee presiding over the award.

White's is most certainly exclusive though none of the achievements of an Athenaeum member are required. Money, social connexions and a certain raffishness are more prized by this, the oldest club in London. In

fact the cross-section of members is very much the same as in the Royal Enclosure during Ascot week. The membership of 1,300 (annual subscription £350) includes the Dukes of Edinburgh, York and Kent, and Constantine, former King of the Hellenes. As a test of stuffiness I once rang the club to ask if there was any chance of membership. The chilly voice replied: "This is not a discothèque, sir," and hung up.

In fact it takes 20 members of friendly disposition to support a potential member over the six and a half years on the waiting list. He, for there are no shes, may not apply; he is put up. In the past the club has contained some notoriously unpleasant members; Kim Philby, Evelyn Waugh and Randolph Churchill would have all been eligible for the *Private Eye* award.

White's, which is situated at the top of St James's, is an elegant building but has none of the architectural interest of, say, the Reform or the Garrick. It is less well endowed with amenities. There is a good restaurant but books belonging to the club do not hold a candle to those of the Reform—White's members would rather be seen reading the racing form than Ovid.

## RAC

89-91 Pall Mall, SW1 (930 2345).

Membership: 13,000; £230 a year (£230 joining fee).

Bedrooms: 85 (single, £24; double, £40; suite, £68).

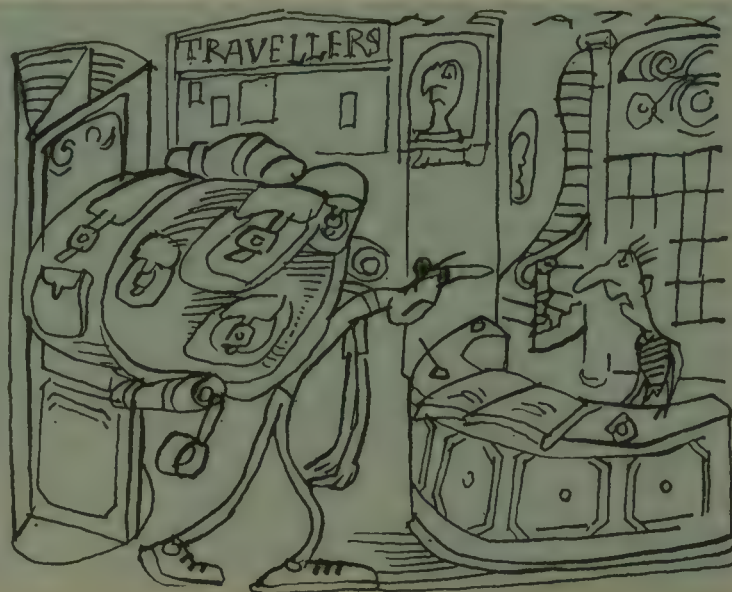
Reciprocal arrangements: Several including the New York Athletic Club, the Automobile Club of France and the Royal Automobile Club of Sydney.

Hours: Mon to Fri, 6am-midnight (from 7am on Sat and Sun).

The RAC was founded in 1897 at the beginning of the automobile era, although it was not until 1911 that the present building in Pall Mall opened its doors to the burgeoning membership. Leafing through old press cuttings of the early years of the RAC, one receives a sense of the extraordinary enthusiasm with which many people welcomed the car. The club held discussions about the great issues of motoring; whether it was advisable to apply a chain and cog gear to motor cars and so forth. There were splendid incidents reported to the club. One that caused outrage at the time involved Lord Montagu who drove a car in the House of Commons yard and was asked to remove it because, in the words of a Victorian policeman, "it was a machine likely to explode and cause injury to the innocent members of the house".

The RAC has some of the best club facilities: a large swimming pool, squash court, gymnasium, Turkish bath, one of the most comfortable smoking rooms in London, and an excellent library. Of this, one old gentleman remarked: "I have had a busy life and I want to end it in peace ... I came here to die and my only wish is to pass away in peace and comfort in this dear old chair." According to the author of *The Gentlemen's Clubs of London*, the old buffer passed away into the great club in the sky as he had wished.

Despite its large membership and the facilities of its Country Club at Woodcote near Epsom, the RAC





entered a period of severe financial hardship in 1977. Indeed it seemed for a time that the club would be forced to sell some of its assets. However, under a new management which is now headed by Nick Cranfield, the club is prospering. The membership has risen to 13,000, each of whom pays a yearly subscription of £230. There is also a joining fee of £230.

## CITY OF LONDON

19 Old Broad Street, EC2 (588 7991).  
 Membership: 1,300; £315 a year.  
 Bedrooms: None.  
 Reciprocal arrangements: The Ontario Club and weekend only with the Oxford & Cambridge Club, London.  
 Hours: Mon to Fri, 11.30am-3.30pm, some private functions in the evening.

The City of London is the oldest of the City clubs which include the Gresham and the City Livery Club. It was founded in 1832 and like almost all London clubs acquired the Duke of Wellington as a member. Its membership, though, is exclusively drawn from business rather than the military or politics. A member must be a director or a partner of his company or the son of a member.

The maximum membership is 1,300 but the City Club says that the waiting list is not long. The club, which is situated in Old Broad Street at the foot of the National Westminster Tower, has elegant dining rooms but the increased pressure of City life does not let many members linger over brandy to gaze at the mouldings.

With this in mind the club has developed a fast lunch service. It is short on eccentricity, and the only rule of interest is that the members are not allowed to take their briefcases to the luncheon table or to pore over business papers. Membership is £315 a year, which seems quite a lot for a club which is used mostly for lunch.

## GROUCHO

44 Dean Street, W1 (439 4685).  
 Membership: 1,400; £150 a year (£50 joining fee).  
 Bedrooms: Five or six planned for next year.  
 Reciprocal arrangements: Proposed with clubs in New York and in Paris.  
 Hours: Mon to Fri, 9am-1am.

The Groucho Club is named after Groucho Marx who observed that he would not join a club which would have him as a member. This more or less captures the spirit of the place since its membership is open to men and women who are unlikely to find much sympathy with the traditional clubs. The founding members, like publishing editor, Liz Calder, the publisher Carmen Callil and the literary agent Michael Sissons, wanted an unstuffy venue where they could have people from their own milieu,

that is to say, from publishing, journalism, television and the cinema.

A business expansion scheme and 300 shareholders put up the capital for the building in the centre of Soho and the club now has just under 1,400 members each paying £150 a year plus a £50 joining fee. There is no waiting list and there are none of the tests of social standing and respectability on which the other clubs insist. There are two restaurants, one of quite a high standard, a bar where interminable media conversations take place, a reception room and a little office equipped with telex, telephone and computer for the use of homeless journalists.

The club has a licence until 1am and is used pretty well throughout the day, particularly at the media's witching hour: lunch-time.

## CHELSEA ARTS

143 Old Church Street, SW3 (351 9314).  
 Membership: 1,400; £165 a year.  
 Bedrooms: 35 (from £17; guests £35).  
 Reciprocal arrangements: Several including the National Arts Club, New York and the Arts & Letter Club, Toronto.  
 Hours: Every day, 7am-1am.

The Chelsea Arts Club in Old Church Street, Chelsea is perhaps the least pompous of all the established clubs. It is a long way from St James's both metaphorically and in distance. It was founded in 1891 for sculptors, painters and architects. One of the rules then was that a new member would give an example of his work to be exhibited on the club's walls. This rule lapsed but has been re-introduced with the result that the club is looking for storage space.

In 1979 when Dudley Winterbottom took over the running of the club's bar and restaurant, the place could not have been more moribund. He has improved all the services and generated profits which have enabled the committee to redecorate much of the attractive building and to make the bedrooms more habitable. The club has an excellent snooker room and pleasant garden which is usually patrolled by a cat of vast proportions and promiscuous affection. The membership fee is now £165 a year and there is a waiting list of a little under 700. The total membership is 1,400 and is open to women.

Winterbottom's influence has been benign. Although the club's committee deal with memberships and disciplinary matters he has helped to preserve the spirit of the place. He has inspired the musical evenings and dinners at which well known people from the arts and media are invited to talk. The Chelsea Arts Club balls are now some of the best and most imaginative occasions held in London. Last winter the club took over the Albert Hall for an astonishing Venetian Ball.

The Chelsea Arts Club is well



worth the £165 a year membership fee if you are an artist or a journalist and have the patience to wait for the whimsical club committee to make up its mind about you.

## THE SANCTUARY

12 Floral Street, WC2 (240 9635).  
 Membership: 250 full members; £575 a year (£300 for a one-day-a-week and £17.50 for a single-day membership; also a Gold Card membership at £700).  
 Bedrooms: None.  
 Reciprocal arrangements: Gold Card members can use the Fitness Centre and Shaws Health Club.  
 Hours: Mon to Fri, 10am-10pm.  
 Sat, 10am-6pm; Sun, noon-8pm.

The Sanctuary is included in this survey because it is the antithesis of clubland in general. If the Reform or the Garrick are the male ideals, the Sanctuary is most definitely the zenith of a type of female club. It was built nearly 10 years ago in Floral Street, Covent Garden, before the general revival of the area. It is now owned by Sure Health and Leisure and is run by Bridget Woods, a formidably healthy individual. There are no rules, except a total ban on smoking and men. In fact it seems unlikely that a man has entered the club, aside from the odd lucky plumber, since it was founded. This is because the members spend a large percentage of the time drifting from pool to sauna to massage table in the nude. The only other club where nudity may occasionally be seen is the RAC.

The food is not the normal clubland fare; roast beef and Yorkshire pudding are replaced by salads which would barely fill a snail. However this is deemed to be a good thing by the members, a good proportion of whom are deeply concerned about cellulite—a fatty deposit which usually appears on the upper thigh. The various treatments on offer mean that the club's membership fee is high—in fact, the highest of the survey. It costs £575 for a full membership and £300 for a one-day-a-week membership ○

“AS A TEST OF STUFFINESS I ONCE RANG TO ASK IF THERE WAS ANY CHANCE OF MEMBERSHIP. THE CHILLY VOICE REPLIED: “THIS IS NOT A DISCOTHEQUE, SIR,” AND HUNG UP.”



# The Royal Air Force Benevolent Fund repays the debt we owe



The Royal Air Force reached a peak strength of 1,200,000 in 1944 and more than 1 $\frac{3}{4}$  million men and women served during the war years.

Thousands did not come back. Many lie in the forgotten corners of earth and sea. Many thousands more were left disabled — mentally and physically.

Each year demands on the Fund are increasing as the survivors of World War II and their dependants grow older and increasingly vulnerable to infirmity and economic hardship. To carry on its work, the Royal Air Force Benevolent Fund must raise over £7,000,000 annually.

We need your help. Every donation we receive means we have more to give. Please remember the Fund in your Will; advice on legacies, bequests and covenants is gladly given. If you know of anyone who might qualify for help from the Fund please let us know.

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# Home plants from abroad

Tony Hare reports on his  
sightings of exotic plants in London,  
some rampant, some rare.

There are tropical aliens in the canals of London's East End. There are natives of Central America floating in East Anglia's fenland dykes. And an army of Russian giants is taking over Scottish rivers. These are the vanguards of the plant kingdom, adding to our native flora a steady trickle of new species from throughout the world. Many of them persist for but a short while. Others, from just a handful of plants, have become fully established and familiar.

"They are invincible," sang pop group Genesis a few years back, of the invading Cossack hordes of the giant hogweed, *Heracleum mantegazzianum*. First introduced into the British Isles in 1893 from the Caucasus, it spread slowly for 60 years or so but has exploded during the last few decades, covering river banks (particularly in Scotland) with its uncompromisingly enormous umbrella-shaped heads. Very impressive it is too; it was originally grown partly for its size and is still grown for decoration in places. Apparently some has been planted fairly recently at the Russian Embassy in Kensington. Its vitriolic reputation as a causer of skin rashes is an exaggeration—serious irritation happens only if the skin bearing the sap is exposed to intense sunlight. The necessary brightness occurs in Britain on only a few days each year, even in a decent summer.

The mechanics of alien invasions are elegantly demonstrated by the spread of giant hogweed. If a plant penetrates an area where there are suitable habitats it can eventually colonize successfully, even if it takes a fairly long time to get started. Giant hogweed might have been hundreds of years creeping across Europe to Britain, but man took a hand and brought it from the Caucasus to its new haunts in one leap.

The best-documented British example of the way a new species can survive and multiply in new regions when given the chance is provided by *Senecio squalidus*, the Oxford ragwort. As long ago as 1690 it was growing in the Botanic Gardens of the University, having been

brought there from its original home on the warm and dusty slopes of Mount Etna. Now it can be found on almost any scrap of waste ground in southern England and is still spreading. How has it been so successful?

The story proper starts in the latter part of the 19th century, when the Great Western Railway was constructed. From walls in Oxford, where it had gradually established itself, the plant spread through England along the railway lines, where it found the dry, well-drained and often bare railway ballast very much to its liking. It reached London at the beginning of this century and continued to spread during the heyday of the railways.

When the Second World War broke out it took advantage of the bare ground and rubble of the bomb sites to expand in our larger cities. The vast population of plants reached by the end of the war provided a springboard for the continuing colonization of waste land up to the present day. And *Senecio squalidus* has not forgotten its old ways—one of the first recordings of the plant in Ireland, only a few years ago, was by a railway line.

There can be few plants more delicately beautiful than the water fern *Azolla filiculoides*. Intricately patterned and less than an inch across, the tiny frond floats freely on slow-moving or still water, blown and carried hither and thither by breeze and current. Towards the end of the year it turns a rich mahogany red, bringing autumn to the water. Then it sinks below the surface to disappear until the next spring. Two years ago it occurred in such abundance in some East Anglian dykes and pools that in summer the surface of the water took on the appearance of a bowling green. This success was probably a result of a series of mild winters—as a native of the warm waters of Central America, *Azolla filiculoides* does not take kindly to cold. After 1984's heavy frosts it became much less common.

Not all our water-loving aliens are quite so sensitive. By a former trade basin on London's Regent's Canal, in a spot where children were skating



Right, Mexican tea, *Chenopodium ambrosioides*, by the Regent's Canal and, below right, the water fern *Azolla filiculoides*, also native of Central America, among duckweed at Bow Locks, east London.



and bristles which became entangled in the fleece when its owner was busy grazing. When the shoddy is applied to the land, the seeds can grow.

Not far from the Regent's Canal is the Hackney Cut, another reach in East London's maze of waterways. Legend has it that King Alfred's men dug the Cut to take water away from the River Lea and thereby strand the Viking invaders who had sailed up the river. The Hackney Cut is now home to a very different invader, *Chenopodium ambrosioides* or Mexican tea. This tall relative of our own common weed fat-hen (*Chenopodium album*) is used in its native land to produce a drink which has all sorts of medicinal purposes, including killing parasitic worms and easing the pain of childbirth. The leaf, when crushed, has a strong, slightly disturbing smell. Over and along other almost forgotten stretches of London's canal network towers Japanese knotweed, *Reynoutria japonica*. This fast-growing plant was once a garden favourite. In the future its rate of growth may make it a useful crop yielding fuel. For the present it is an increasingly pernicious weed which is becoming more and more familiar to both farmers and gardeners.

Elsewhere in the capital a relative newcomer is staking its claim for warm, sheltered spots in brickwork and by pavements. Sumatran flea-bane, *Conyza sumatrensis*, has been known in this country for only a few years, but is already becoming well



on thick ice just two winters ago, is a thriving patch of a tropical grass, *Paspalum paspalodes*. Its rather odd V-shaped heads induced Richard Mabey to christen it "Victory grass", a peculiarly appropriate name in the year of its discovery, 1984, Orwell's year of Victory Cigarettes and Victory Gin. The colony, is one of only a handful of British occurrences of a plant which is widely naturalized in much of the Mediterranean region.

It may have arrived a century ago, in the golden age of sea trade, accidentally carried to the heart of the Empire in an exotic cargo from its native land. Less romantically, it may have become established from among discarded bird seed or mill waste. On some of its few previous occurrences in the British Isles it was recorded as a "shoddy alien". This faintly insulting term pertains to the disappearing practice of improving poor, sandy soils with wool waste, or shoddy, which is full of fibre and nutrients. The shoddy which is left after the wool has been cleaned contains all the seeds, twigs



Top, Oxford ragwort, *Senecio squalidus*, which originated in Sicily, with Himalayan butterfly bush, *Buddleia davidii*, in the background at Limehouse, east London. Right, tropical grass, *Paspalum paspalodes* along the Regent's Canal.

established. It is taller and more robust than the longer-established Canadian fleabane, *Conyza canadensis*. Despite its name, *Conyza sumatrensis* probably hails from Peru.

Troublesome as are giant hogweed and Japanese knotweed, we have not yet experienced in this country an invasion as overwhelming as that which descended upon Australia in the early part of this century. The prickly pear cactus, *Opuntia stricta*, found conditions there so favourable that by the mid 1920s it was taking over nearly a million acres every year, covering the ground with vast, impenetrable spiny thickets, laying waste the land and devastating the sheep-farming industry. Nothing, it seemed, could stem the flow. What finally did the trick was the introduction of a little moth, the appropriately named *Cactoblastis cactorum*, the caterpillars of which eat the prickly pear. They ate it with a vengeance. In 1925 a few thousand moths were introduced and by 1930 there were but occasional clumps of the cactus. Prickly pear still grows in Australia, but the moth keeps the alien in hand. All is in balance. Man introduced prickly pear and it got out of control; a moth had the remedy and came to the rescue. Perhaps we might see all this as an allegory for the way we should carry on our relationships with nature—with care and respect.

In terms of numerical success the nearest equivalent to prickly pear in Britain is the familiar *Buddleia davidii*. Introduced from the Himalayas less than 100 years ago, it now establishes itself on rough ground and walls with consummate ease and impressive rapidity. Fortunately it is harmless. It fully deserves its popular name of butterfly bush—clouds of Small Tortoiseshell, Red Admiral and Painted Lady butterflies haunting the nectar-rich purple flowerheads are a familiar sight in sunny English summer gardens. Many of the derelict streets near London's Brick Lane market are festooned with butterfly bushes and a walk among them in summer is rewarded with the heady, honey-thick scent of the flowers filling the city air. The dynamic success of this buddleia is a result of its ability to produce enormous numbers of tiny wind-borne seeds and of its unfussiness over where it grows.

Nature is never still. Sometimes we lend a helping hand, accidentally or otherwise, putting a plant in a place where it can survive and colonize far from its native land. So far all the British aliens have more or less fitted in, but we do not want the prickly pear story happening here. If we keep a watchful eye on our aliens we can continue to welcome them as fascinating additions to our great floral family ☉

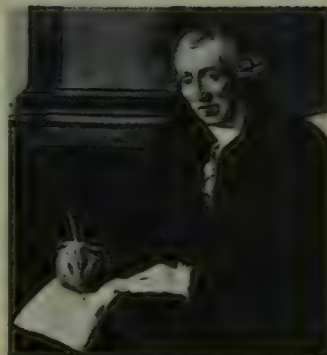




# HARD TIMES OF A PIONEER

Next time you unfurl an umbrella, think of Jonas Hanway, right, who suffered much in popularizing its use and died 200 years ago on September 5, 1786 in Red Lion Square, London. Thanks

to his persistence, the brolly ceased to be thought a Frenchified thing and became very British.



**T**he umbrella can be very tiresome. If we put up with the inconvenience of lugging one around, the weather remains dry. If we fail to bring it along, the heavens open and we get soaked. Having for once done its duty, the umbrella clings soggly to our side or leg in bus or train. Umbrellas behave frivolously in even the most responsible hands, staying behind on tube trains or changing hands in restaurants, pubs and clubs.

Yet it takes just a thorough soaking, or the third consecutive loss of trouser-creases, to bring home the brolly's value. On such occasions we should think of Jonas Hanway, the bicentenary of whose death is imminent. After adventurous travels, Hanway became a notable philanthropist, but was fated to be remembered more for popularizing the umbrella than for his good works.

In no sense did Hanway *invent* the umbrella. That achievement is variously attributed to the ancient Chinese or Egyptians some 3,000

years ago. Both seem to have used it primarily to shade and honour a sovereign. In Assyria, too, it was a king's privilege to have an umbrella held over his head. The vases of classical Greece show umbrellas in common use as a sunshield, while the Romans are credited with having first used them against rain. The Middle Ages seem to have been virtually umbrella-less. When the Italians revived their use in the 16th century, they were again regarded as a symbol of power and distinction.

By the late 17th century they had spread to France and thence to England: in 1696 Jonathan Swift wrote of his character Jack in *A Tale of a Tub*: "A large skin of parchment ... served him for a nightcap when he went to bed, and for an umbrella in rainy weather." But the umbrella remained essentially a female accessory, and a Frenchified one at that. For a man to sport one was to invite ridicule. A large umbrella was, however, generally kept at coffee houses to protect customers as they left to enter their carriages.

Such was the situation in 1750 when Jonas Hanway returned, aged





38, after seven hazardous years as a merchant and traveller in Russia and Persia, having learnt in St Petersburg of the death of a relation, from which he reaped "certain pecuniary advantages, much exceeding any he could expect from his engagement in the Caspian affairs", as his biographer delicately put it.

Thereafter Hanway dedicated his life to alleviating the hardships of foundlings, chimney-sweep boys, child factory workers, lads press-ganged into the Navy (he helped found the Marine Society, still flourishing, to kit out new recruits), and many others. Like many campaigners he could be tiresome. Among his voluminous writings, an essay attacking the "pernicious" habit of drinking tea drew a heavy broadside from Dr Johnson.

Yet his courage cannot be doubted, and he needed it when striding about London with the umbrella he had brought back from the East. "When it rained," his biographer noted, "a small *parapluie* defended his face and wig. Thus he was always prepared to enter into company, without impropriety, or the appearance of negligence... He was the first man who ventured to walk the streets of London with an umbrella over his head. After carrying one nearly 30 years, he saw them come into general use." Coachmen and sedan-chair carriers, whose trade swelled when it rained, saw this foreign affectation as a threat to their livelihood. "Frenchman!" they would shout at him, sometimes even hitting him with their whips.

Of such stuff are pioneers made. For a time the French kept ahead of the English in developing slimmer, lighter umbrellas made of special silk rather than oiled paper, canvas or muslin. Then in 1852 Samuel Fox of

Stockdale achieved a significant improvement in lightness and strength by patenting the fluted steel ribs of the modern umbrella. At about the same time Tonkin cane from Indo-China came in as a lighter alternative to the walking stick shaft. The Victorian and Edwardian eras saw the umbrella's heyday: no well-dressed gentleman would be seen without either an umbrella or a walking cane.

Canes began to fade from the scene after the First World War, and the umbrella came increasingly to be seen as useful rather than smart. The Germans pioneered the telescopic umbrella, which reached Britain around 1950 with the sprung, pop-up umbrella and was then mass-produced by the Taiwanese.

A few bastions of the quality British umbrella remain. The most notable is Swaine, Adeney, Brigg of Piccadilly, 238 years old and still expanding, with outlets in quality stores across western Europe, the USA and Japan. Their range of hand-made umbrellas (from £65 to £1,000 or more, with handles available in almost any precious metal or wood) comes in three different sizes for men of differing stature, and two for women, with a choice of 50-odd black and coloured fabrics. Sword and even gun-umbrellas, incorporating a 4.10 shotgun, are available.

James Smith & Sons of New Oxford Street, whose fine old fascia dates from about 1850, still make large, ornate ceremonial umbrellas for Nigerian chiefs. UK trade, they say, is heavily dependent on the weather. Harrods sell a double "lover's" umbrella for £33. Pricy though they can be, coloured umbrellas are becoming increasingly popular among Englishmen. Hanway, the improbable pioneer, would undoubtedly have approved ○



The umbrella in action at home and abroad: more or less pluvius scenes from London, including a soggy Trooping the Colour, above; Thailand, where three Buddhist monks show a very unflamboyant taste in parasols; and Paris, where even a splash from a car once served as an excuse for a discreet flash of thigh.



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## THE SKY AT NIGHT

# Cosmic ancients

Patrick Moore investigates globular clusters

Edmond Halley is always remembered as the man who first predicted the return of the comet which has just paid us its latest visit. Yet this discovery was only one of many which Halley made during the course of his long career.

In 1714 he looked at a region of the rather dim constellation Hercules, which is high above the horizon during evenings in summer and through to autumn. There, between the stars Zeta and Eta Herculis, he saw what he called "a little patch" which "shows itself to the naked eye when the sky is serene and the Moon absent". He did not then realize that he was looking at a vast system of stars—the first recorded object of the type we now call a globular cluster.

Globular clusters are quite different from loose or open clusters such as the Pleiades or Seven Sisters. Whereas the open clusters are quite formless, and usually rather sparse, globulars are symmetrical and rich. A large cluster such as that in Hercules may contain more than a million stars, many of them much larger and more luminous than our Sun.

The Hercules cluster is on the fringe of naked-eye visibility. Binoculars show it very clearly, and even a small telescope will resolve the outer parts into stars. It is known officially as Messier 13 or M13, because it was the 13th object in the catalogue of clusters and nebulae drawn up by the French astronomer Charles Messier in 1781.

If M13 contains a million stars, which is probably a good estimate, it must be a long way off. The distances of all globulars are not easy to calculate, but there is one method which we believe to give reliable results. It involves using stars which are not constant in light, but which fluctuate regularly over short periods. The Cepheids, named after the prototype star Delta Cephei in the far north of the sky, have periods of from a few days to a few weeks, and are highly luminous; it has been found that their periods are directly linked with their real output—the longer the period, the more powerful the star. There are also the RR Lyrae variables, which have periods of less than a day, and seem to be about 100 times as luminous as the Sun.

The discovery of the Cepheid "period-luminosity law" was made just before the First World War by Henrietta Leavitt, working in America. She was studying photographs of the Small Cloud of Magellan, which cannot be seen from Europe, but is one of the nearest of

the systems we now know to be external galaxies. Miss Leavitt found many Cepheids in the Small Cloud, and realized they could be regarded as being at the same distance from us, just as for most purposes it is good enough to say that Birmingham and West Bromwich are the same distance from New York. The Cepheids with the longer periods looked the brighter, and so they genuinely were the more luminous. There was no reason to doubt that the Cepheids in the Small Cloud were different from the Cepheids anywhere else, and the period-luminosity law followed.

Then, a few years later, Harlow Shapley, also in America, set out to measure the size of our star-system or Galaxy. He knew that the globular clusters were very remote, and that they probably lay round the edges of the main Galaxy; he also knew that they were more numerous in the southern hemisphere, particularly in the constellation of Sagittarius (the Archer), so that we were having a lop-sided view of the system. This, he reasoned, was because the Sun lay well away from the galactic centre. He detected short-period variables in the globular clusters. As soon as he knew the luminosities of the variables, which he could discover simply by observing their changes in brightness, he could find out their distances—and, hence, the distances of the globular clusters in which they lay. According to modern estimates, the Hercules globular is between 21,000 and 24,000 light-years away from us.

Globular clusters are very ancient by cosmical standards. Stars of around the same mass as the Sun begin by condensing out of the gas-and-dust clouds which we call nebulae (such as the nebula in Orion's Sword), and shine by nuclear reactions deep inside them. Their main "fuel" is hydrogen, and when the supply of available hydrogen runs low the star has to readjust its structure. The outer layers expand and cool, changing the star into a red giant. The leading stars in globular clusters have already reached the red giant stage, so that they are highly evolved.

At the centre of M13 the stars are probably only light-weeks or even light-days apart, as against light-years in our part of the Galaxy. To the inhabitant of a planet moving round a star deep in M13 there would be no proper darkness, because many stars would be bright enough to cast shadows, and many of them would be red.



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## MOTORING

# Geared up for the future

Stuart Marshall examines why demand for Lotus technology is so high

Life has never been dull at Lotus. The company which is famed worldwide for its Formula One racing triumphs started life, quite literally, in a north London shed in the 1950s.

Its first products were stark and sporting cars based on a multi-tubular chassis, with coil suspension that by contemporary standards was surprisingly soft, and powered by modified Ford engines.

Out of these grew road and racing cars which startled the opposition by offering a combination of sheer performance and roadholding that made them highly entertaining on the road and almost unbeatable on the circuit. The concept was always the same. A very strong and stiff chassis with supple suspension; a lot of power extracted from a fairly small engine and the whole car made as light as possible.

Colin Chapman, who started Lotus as an extension of his hobby of motor sport, saw it expand rapidly as the 1950s moved into the 60s. He established a factory on an old wartime airfield near Norwich, and the Lotus name became revered by lovers of fast motoring as one new model after another came out of the workshops.

Annual output was small and measured in hundreds of cars a year, not thousands, but their originality was dazzling. The Lotus Elan of 1965 is considered to be one of the all-time greats for handling and roadholding and it was followed by the Europa, a mid-engined two-seat coupé, and the Elan Plus fixed head 2+2. Together, they pointed the direction the Lotus product would eventually take. For the last 10 years the company has been moving steadily up-market.

Its present range of cars consists of two basic models—the Excel and Esprit. The Excel could be said to trace its ancestry back to the Elan Plus fixed-head coupé in that it is front-engined, luxuriously furnished, has room for four people and, with a top speed of more than 130mph, is fleet of foot for a car with a 2.2 litre engine.

The mid-engined Esprit, a two-seater with minimal luggage space, is for buyers who seek performance above all else. The turbocharged model is good for about 140mph and

has the kind of handling and roadholding and precision of control that was associated with circuit, not road-going, cars a few years ago.

Lotus prices are now quite high—in the £17,000 to £23,450 range—and the cars long ago moved out of the reach of the none-too-affluent young driver at whom they were originally aimed.

In recent years Lotus has tended to stumble from one crisis to another. Due to the recession that followed the second massive rise in oil prices at the beginning of this decade, sales fell away and financial problems were acute. Although commercially Lotus was in a bad way for a time, its great experience and expertise in engine and chassis design and development was in



The Excel SE—just right for the fast-moving executive.

demand from car makers the world over.

While sales of traditional Lotus cars are now picking up again, the sale of Lotus technology is now much more important than that of cars. Two of the most publicized seekers of help from Lotus in developing products were De Lorean and Sir Clive Sinclair. Lotus is credited with taking the De Lorean car and at least making it into a viable machine from the driver's viewpoint though its commercial fate is too recent and painful to need further comment now.

Sir Clive Sinclair's battery-propelled tricycle was another disaster but at least its suspension—thanks to Lotus—was not as preposterous as its concept. Lotus is now on the way to becoming a British version of Porsche. This German company is best known as the manufacturer of very fast and expensive sports cars, which it turns out at the rate of about 40,000 a year. Even so, its research, design and development activities in auto-

motive and other fields is more significant financially. That is the way Lotus is moving.

About two years ago, following the death of its founder, Colin Chapman, new finance flowed into Lotus from, among others, David Wickens, of British Car Auctions, and from Japan's Toyota Motor Company. Ambitious plans were laid for a re-entry into the inexpensive—or, if not exactly cheap, at least affordable—end of the sports-car market.

The plan originally provided for the car to be launched at the International Motor Show at the National Exhibition Centre, near Birmingham, in October. But everything changed earlier this year when General Motors, the American super-giant of automotive manufacture, acquired a

controlling interest in Lotus. General Motors then said that it would not inhibit the independence of Lotus as a provider of high technology to the world's motor industry and this seems to be the case. This kind of work is almost invariably secret but Lotus is believed to be engaged, not just in the design and development of cars, but to have signed contracts with aero-

space and defence concerns.

One public aspect of its research and development is in the field of active suspension. A normal suspension on a vehicle reacts to road surfaces and absorbs the shocks of potholes and bumps after they have been encountered. Active suspension, on the other hand, detects them in advance, and by means of computer control and ultra-fast hydraulics sets up the suspension to deal with the hazard before it is reached. It is said to be already possible for a Lotus active-suspension system to do this.

Two years ago Lotus showed highly advanced concepts for a 180mph sports car and a limousine. Both had such features as four-wheel drive, computer control for engine management, transmission and braking and, of course, active suspension. When it was said that both were intended for future production, eyebrows were raised. With General Motors' financial backing behind Lotus the building of these cars seems to be a definite possibility ○



# Who cares for your Local Wildlife?

## Under Threat

In the past twelve months the South East has lost some irreplaceable wildlife habitats.

## Do you care?

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### 5. Essex Naturalists Trust

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### 6. London Wildlife Trust

Ordinary rate £8: unwaged (student, OAP) £5: family £10: Life £150.

### 7. Kent Trust for Nature Conservation

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suffer as we lose opportunities for leisure, recreation, and for the education of our children.

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Linford Woods, Bucks. Ancient woodland saved for the future through a magnificent gift from John Paul Getty KBE.



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Bay Pond Reserve, Godstone, a popular beauty spot, was dredged by the Surrey Trust to restore its wildlife value.

### 8. Sussex Trust for Nature Conservation

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### 9. Surrey Trust for Nature Conservation

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Membership conditions vary between each Trust.

All these Trusts are part of a national organisation, the Royal Society for Nature Conservation, and are taking part in the £10 million British Wildlife Appeal. Members of the Trusts receive regular magazines to keep them informed of local and national wildlife issues.

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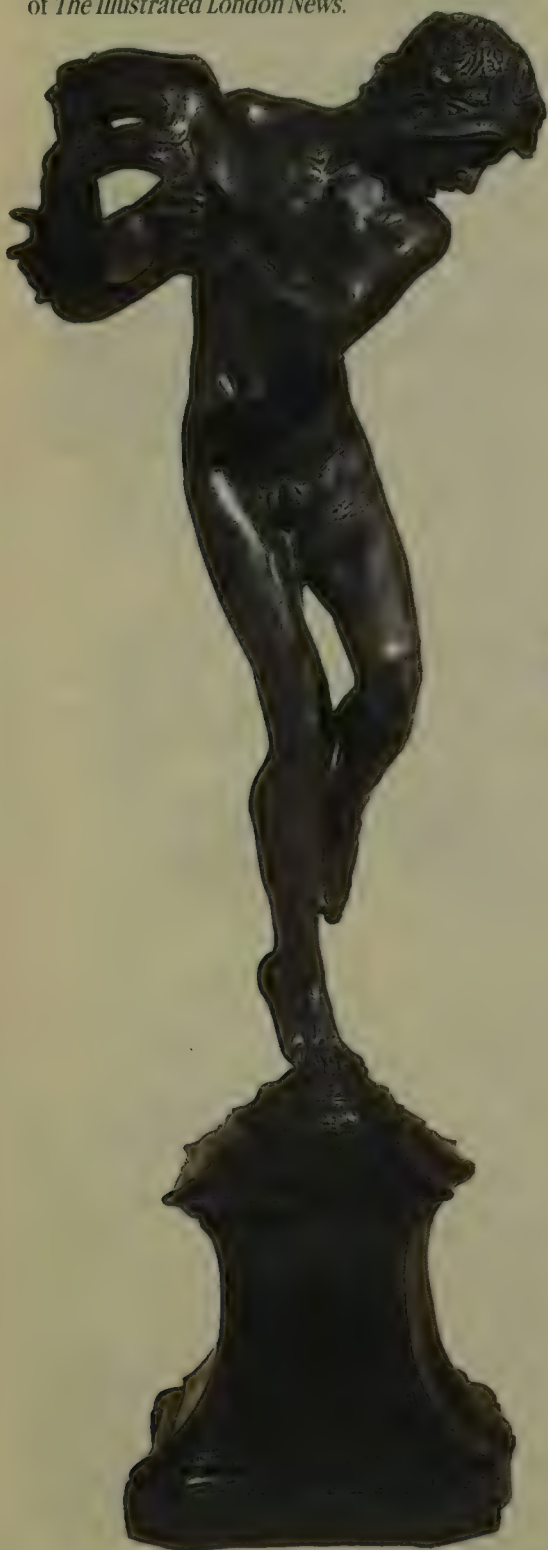
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# TESTING GILBERT'S PRICES

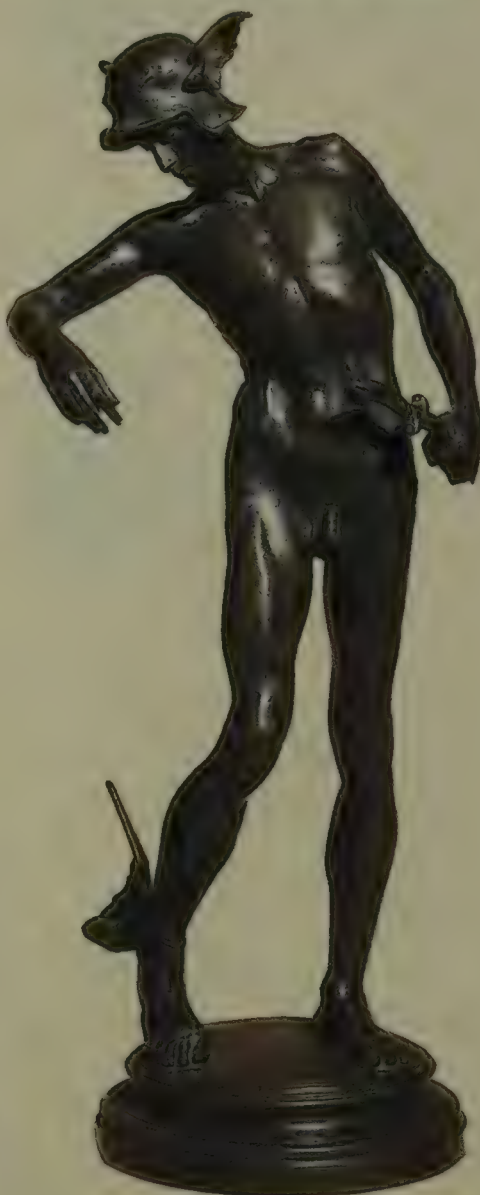
This edition of the *ILN*'s prize auction game comprises four objects that will shortly be coming up for sale at Christie's. They are a copper bust by Sir Alfred Gilbert, an Art Deco cocktail cabinet in the form of a long-case clock, a Victorian octagonal table and a three-piece silver-plated tea set by Christopher Dresser. Readers are invited to match their estimates of the prices that may be fetched with those of a panel drawn from the three London salerooms taking part—Bonhams, Christie's and Phillips—and chaired by the Editor of *The Illustrated London News*.



The brilliant but self-destructive Victorian sculptor Sir Alfred Gilbert has been much in the news this summer, with the re-installation of his handsomely restored Eros statue in Piccadilly, the publication of Richard Dormant's very readable yet scholarly study of his life and work, and the Royal Academy's exhibition, *Alfred Gilbert, Sculptor and Goldsmith*, which Dormant also organized.

An underlying assumption both of the book and the RA exhibition was that the dramatic and romantic circumstances of Gilbert's life lent an added interest to his work. Despite all the publicity attending the return of Eros and the exhibi-

**What price a revival of fame?  
This summer has brought Sir Alfred Gilbert,  
the creator of *Eros*,  
sharply back into public focus. The impact of all  
the publicity may be judged  
when his bust of a tempestuous patron, Eliza  
Macloghlin, opposite, is  
sold at Christie's. Five years ago two key  
works, *Comedy and Tragedy*,  
below left, and *Perseus Arming*, below right,  
fetched £7,000 and £6,500 respectively.**



tion itself, the public was evidently unconvinced, since the show was poorly attended (35,700 over 13 weeks). After more than half a century of modernism, the Gilbertian use of allegory and symbolism has all the impact of a bicycle at Le Mans.

For Gilbert's *aficionados*, the bust of Eliza Macloghlin now being auctioned, has the merit of being a straightforward representation of a key figure in the sculptor's life. Mrs Macloghlin was the beautiful and captivating widow of an ordinary but prosperous Wigan doctor. When her beloved husband died, she was determined to commission a worthy memorial. Her brother was a sculptor and greatly admired the work of Alfred Gilbert, whom the lovely Eliza traced to the Belgian town of Bruges, whither he had fled to escape his London creditors.

A stormy relationship ensued, as Dormant's book vividly relates. When Gilbert proved reluctant to surrender to her the sepulchre which he had created, she simply stoned the windows of his studio until he handed it over. In the end she went mad and took her own life.

When *Comedy and Tragedy* and *Perseus Arming* were sold at Christie's—for £7,000 and £6,500 apiece—in February, 1981, much less was known about their symbolism. In the same sale a cast of Gilbert's *Icarus*, a more attractive and less contrived piece, fetched £29,000. In Dormant's well-documented interpretation, all three symbolize different and often competing aspects of the sculptor's life and character. *Perseus Arming* alludes to the artist's need to train himself for his career. *Icarus*, whose wings were burnt when he flew too close to the sun, represented Gilbert's own fatal ambition, while *Comedy and Tragedy*, the most complex and least convincing, stood for his own early public success and private misery, fuelled by mounting debts and an unhappy home life. Even in his own day Gilbert was criticized for the triviality of the subject matter: a boy holding a comedy mask, face contorted by pain caused by a bee-sting on his leg.

More lethal than bee-stings, the forces of tragedy were gathering, their main cause being nothing more noble than Gilbert's vanity, extravagance and worldly ambition. These in turn led to his ignoble retreat to a comfortable exile in Bruges, from which he eventually returned to achieve partial rehabilitation and a knighthood in London. In the end however, tragedy won: he died senile at the age of 80 in a London nursing home in 1934.

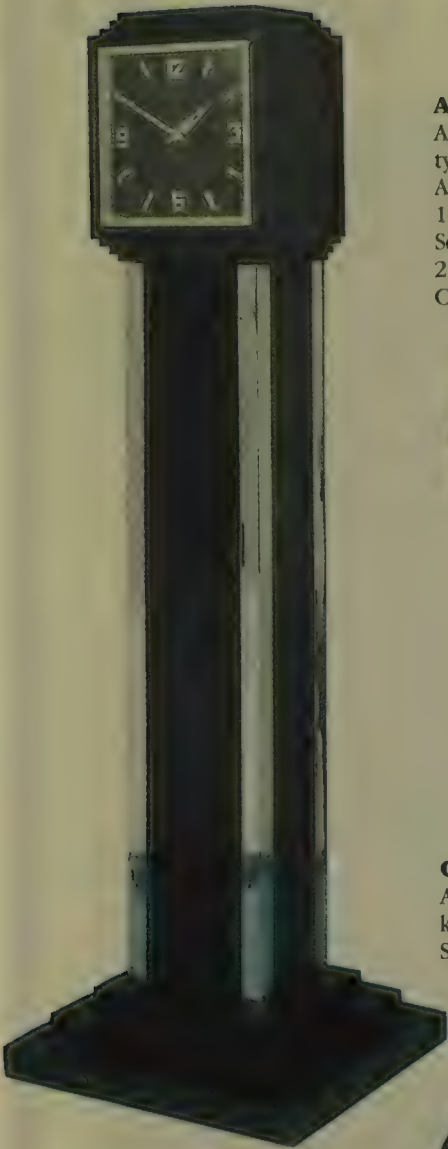
## £1,000 FOR LONDON READER

The July auction was won by Miss R. Bickell, who lives in Greenwich, south London. She will receive a £1,000 voucher from Bonhams for coming closest to the aggregate for the four items as estimated by *The Illustrated London News* panel. Miss Bickell's estimate was £11,070 compared with the panel's total estimate of £11,100, which was made up as follows:

A Gregory watercolour	£3,430
B Woolwork picture	£1,370
C Paton oil	£5,930
D Mahogany wheel	£370



# ILN AUCTION: WIN £1,000 CHRISTIE'S VOUCHER



## A Gilbert bust

An early 20th-century copper electrotype bust of Eliza Macloghlin by Sir Alfred Gilbert, cast by Albert Toft. 16in high. In a 19th-Century sale, September 25, 2.30pm. (Viewing 22, 23, 9am-5pm, 24, 9am-4pm.) Christie's estimate: £10,000-£15,000.

## B Art Deco cocktail cabinet

An Art Deco ebonized cocktail cabinet in the form of a long-case clock. 170.9cm high. In a sale of 20th-Century Decorative Arts, September 26, 10.30am. (Viewing, 23, 24, 9am-5pm, 25, 9am-4pm.) Christie's estimate: £1,000-£1,500.



## C Octagonal library table

An early Victorian ebony and marquetry octagonal library table banded with kingwood, by E. H. Baldock. 58in wide, 29½in high. In a 19th-Century sale, September 25, 2.30pm. (Viewing as A.) Christie's estimate: £7,000-£10,000.



## D Silver-plated tea set

A three-piece silver-plated tea set designed by Christopher Dresser, made by James Dixon & Sons. Teapot 10.4cm high. In a sale of 20th-Century Decorative Arts, September 26, 10.30am. (Viewing as B.) Christie's estimate: £5,000-£8,000.



## HOW TO ENTER

The four items illustrated on this page are to come up for sale at Christie's in London in September. Readers are invited to match their estimate of the prices the four items will fetch against those of a panel of experts chaired by the Editor of the *ILN*. The reader whose aggregate price most nearly matches that of the *ILN*'s panel will win a voucher worth £1,000 presented by Christie's which can be redeemed at any Christie's sale or sales in London during the next year. Winning vouchers are not transferable. In the event of more than one reader estimating the overall total the winner will be the one whose price on Sir Alfred Gilbert's bust of Eliza Macloghlin, which the experts judged the most difficult to estimate, most

closely matches their price for that object.

Entries for the September competition must be on the coupon cut from this page and reach the *ILN* office not later than September 30, 1986. Entry is free and readers may make as many entries as they wish, but each entry must be on a separate form cut from the September, 1986 issue. No other form of entry is eligible. Members of the staff of the *ILN* and their families, the printers and others connected with the production of the magazine are ineligible.

The result of the September auction will be announced in the November issue of the *ILN*. Another prize auction will be featured next month, with items coming up for sale at Bonhams.

## SEPTEMBER COMPETITION ENTRY FORM

All entries must be received in the *ILN* office by September 30, 1986.

Send the completed form to:

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# PORTUGAL IN HONG KONG



Two recent visits made by our Directors met with much interest from real estate agents, investment companies and expatriates in the purchase of prime properties in Portugal. Therefore from 8th to 11th October we will be exhibiting our portfolio of prime property in Portugal on Stand H19 at the MONEY '86 Exhibition—the largest gathering to take place in Asia this year of influential investors and business people. We will be featuring six of the most important developments in Portugal as well as the very best of resale property. Some examples are:



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# REVIEWS



## ART

### Scandinavia scene in a new light

BY EDWARD LUCIE-SMITH

Two interesting exhibitions share the Hayward Gallery this month. One, *Dreams of a Summer Night*, a show of Scandinavian painting from the turn of the century, is a triumph in every respect—beautifully chosen, beautifully hung, and stuffed with unfamiliar paintings of high quality. The only Scandinavian artist of this epoch who is well known in Britain is the Norwegian Edvard Munch. He remains the greatest Scandinavian painter of his time, but one can no longer think of Munch as

an isolated figure. In this period the Scandinavians were producing some of the best painting in Europe.

The show has a fascinating unity of mood—there is a pervasive melancholy, but also a rapt feeling of contemplativeness, the latter particularly strong in a series of magnificent landscapes. Among major personalities are the Norwegian Halfdan Egedius and the Danes Vilhelm Hammershøi and Peter Severin Krøyer. Egedius, who died at 22, painted major work in his teens including a portrait worthy of Hals. Hammershøi is a magical quietist, a cross between Vermeer and Whistler, while Krøyer's Skagen beach scenes have a poetry often missing in similar landscapes by Monet. This is a show to visit again and again.

*L'Amour Fou: photography and surrealism* is of more specialized interest. Much of the work is distinctly "cooked"—the Surrealists loved messing with their negatives, using techniques such as solarization and superimposing one image on

another. The most successful Surrealist photographs, however, tend to be those which record a particular moment of vision and express a cast of mind. To me the most striking are Brassai's evocations of Paris, and war photographs by Lee Miller.

## THEATRE

### A heady cocktail from Eliot's

BY J. C. TREWIN

Two Victorian dowagers at a performance of *Antony and Cleopatra* observed, "We come to see the acting; we do not wish to understand the play." That, I am sure, was the feeling in the audience when T. S. Eliot's *The Cocktail Party*, a subtly expressed verse play in a setting that

***Nordic Summer Evening 1899-1900***  
by Richard Bergh in *Dreams of a Summer Night* at the Hayward.

might have served earlier for something like *Design For Living*, arrived at the Edinburgh Festival in 1949. Those who did not see what the dramatist was getting at promptly mocked the piece.

It was clear at the current Phoenix Theatre revival, by a new and pleasantly ambitious London company, that not everyone in the house realized what this modern classic was about—a morality in a wholly unexpected framework. They were mildly puzzled, for instance, by the "libation" in the ebb of the second act, those words "for the building of the house" and "for those who go upon a journey", spoken evocatively now in John Dexter's production. No one stirred during that agonizing, if blessedly brief, passage describing the martyr's death—crucifixion near an anthill—that Eliot allots to Celia, the young woman who chooses a journey ➤➤



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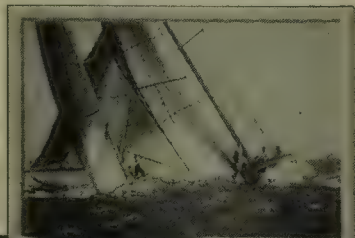
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»→ that requires "the kind of faith  
that issues from despair". I do not  
think that Eliot should have gone so  
far in suggesting the fate in *Kinkanja*;  
still, the lines could not be uttered  
more movingly than they are by  
Robert Eddison, who is able to  
modulate to them with no sign of  
strain from his previous bantering.  
Mr Eddison's fine unaffected per-  
formance is right for Eliot.

I had wondered how Mr Dexter  
might treat a play—and who bothers  
now to trace its derivation from the  
*Alcestis* of Euripides?—that had  
begun its life nearly 40 years ago  
under the reverent control of Martin  
Browne, who knew more than any  
man about Eliot in the theatre.  
Nothing startles at the Phoenix. The  
lighter scenes—not much of their  
wit has waned—reach us with per-  
haps more edge than before. I  
remain dubious about the first-act  
conversation between the unrecon-  
ciled Edward (Simon Ward) and Lavi-  
nia (Sheila Allen), not because of the  
players but because Eliot's theatre  
sense seems to be slack. Alec  
McCowen's psychiatrist, the Un-  
identified Guest Harcourt-Reilly,  
who is in effect the voice of destiny,  
seems too resolutely matter-of-fact;  
but I am remembering the oddly  
haunted Alec Guinness who for me  
must always be definitive, though Mr  
McCowen is never less than a good  
and consistent actor.

It is, in some ways, an exasperating  
piece. To quote Eliot himself (his  
speaker is Harcourt-Reilly). "Nobody  
likes to be left with a mystery; it's so  
unfinished." We can become a trifle  
mutinous when adjured to work out  
our salvation, yet as a rule there is  
some unlooked-for felicity to placate  
us: Rachel Kempson ripples through  
a comparably surprising "guardian";  
and Sheila Gish's doomed Celia has a  
lucid, affecting quality, enhanced if  
we know her destiny beforehand. As  
ever with this play, it is a night for  
argument; whether fruitful or not  
must depend, as Sam Weller says  
(more or less) in another context,  
upon the taste and fancy of the  
arguers.

"I've never gone along with that  
psychoanalyst nonsense," John Mills  
says early in Brian Clark's *The Peti-  
tion* at the Lyttelton, speaking for a  
general concealed in his circum-  
scribed world who is shocked to dis-  
cover that his wife (Rosemary  
Harris), "no drooping, attendant  
creature" after a 50-year marriage,  
has signed a "Ban the Bomb" peti-  
tion. The first act of a two-hander  
moves into an unremarkable Bomb  
debate, ending suddenly with the  
wife's revelation that she is termi-  
nally ill. The second act, uncovering  
an apparently placid marriage, blazes  
with a passion absent from *The Cock-  
tail Party*. This section, cunningly  
constructed in its parallels, is what  
counts: it is written and acted (direc-  
tor, Peter Hall) with unwavering  
emotional control.

## CINEMA

# Seamier side of the metropolis

BY GEORGE PERRY

During the last five years the  
Museum of London has been screen-  
ing a comprehensive retrospective  
of the British film under the banner  
"Made in London". But then, most  
British films are—largely because  
British studios have traditionally  
been based in and around the capital.  
This month one of Britain's three big-  
gest surviving studios, Pinewood,  
celebrates its 50th birthday.

The studio's continued existence  
as a fully-serviced, as opposed to  
"four-walled", set-up makes it  
unique outside the United States,  
and its size (17 stages including the  
world's largest) and agreeable  
location, around a spacious mansion  
which has been seen in countless  
films masquerading as embassy,  
millionaire's home, spy centre and  
holiday resort, have greatly helped  
London to remain on the inter-  
national film map. Pinewood is  
where all but one of Albert Broccoli's  
James Bond films have been made,  
and a new one is imminent. "Made in  
London" does not mean that the  
films necessarily take place  
in London, and perhaps one of the  
most remarkable Pinewood films, on  
view at the National Film Theatre  
on September 8, is the Powell-  
Pressburger production of 1947,  
*Black Narcissus*, which was set in  
the Himalayas, but filmed entirely on  
Pinewood's stages, with locations at  
Horsham.

London is the backdrop for two  
new films this month. The first,  
*Mona Lisa*, was directed by Neil  
Jordan, and is a study of the seamier  
side of metropolitan life. Bob Hos-  
kins is a newly-released crook, an  
innocent in a world that has changed  
in the seven years in which he has  
been inside. Even a telephone



Cathy Tyson and Bob Hoskins in  
*Mona Lisa*, the hooker and crook who  
form an unlikely attachment.





LAUREN

bleeper puzzles him. He is given a job car-ferrying a beautiful young prostitute, played by Cathy Tyson, between her various encounters, which entails much waiting in hotel lobbies and outside the palatial residences of wealthy Arabs. He falls in love with her and an unlikely mutual attraction seems to develop between this dumpy, eager little cockney and the tall black princess. She demands that he help her to find a missing girl, another prostitute. When he discovers that the lost soul is the same age as his own daughter, his moral indignation winds him up to snatch her daringly from the clutches of a major criminal, oleagiously played by Michael Caine, who had been responsible for his prison term.

For all its dark sliminess Jordan's London hovers on fantasy. He populates the streets around King's Cross with whores far more exotic than the residents of that blighted district are used to, and his night city comes across with a stage-managed slickness like the Weimar Berlin of *Cabaret* or Damon Runyon's Broadway—sleaze with a designer face.

For his performance Bob Hoskins was honoured at the Cannes Film Festival, and rightly so. In the jargon of the business he is a "natural", bringing truth, warmth and believability to the part. He has a bright, moon-shaped face, so open that you can almost see the cogwheels of his brain in motion. There is something of a Candide nature about him—he pretends to be as tough and assured as the others in his ken, but he is an innocent out of his depth in a corrupt world. Cathy Tyson is also a remarkable discovery, and they make one of the most pleasing, if unexpected, couples to be seen in a British film.

London is again featured in Mike Newell's new film *The Good Father*, but it is a different place. The setting is mostly the area around Clapham,

once "up the Junction", now the sought-after enclave for Yuppies and Sloanes. Anthony Hopkins is Bill Hooper, a man with the Yuppie-ish job of marketing books, who has left his wife (Harriet Walter) and sees his small son weekly. His inward anger is barely suppressed, and his old friends find his boorishness tiresome. He meets another man, Roger (Jim Broadbent), a teacher whose wife (Frances Viner) has left him and taken his son to set up house with another woman. Roger's case interests Bill and he urges him to take legal action. A feminist solicitor (Miriam Margolyes) refuses to help and sides with the lesbian wife. Bill then offers to underwrite some of the legal costs and a sharp, expensive barrister (Simon Callow) exerts his skills to win the custody of the boy for Roger, but causing much distress to the mother. Bill eventually realizes that he has sublimated his own rage through forcing drastic action on Roger's part.

The observant screenplay by Christopher Hampton, from Peter Prince's novel, contains little comfort for either ardent feminists or male chauvinists. The children are, on the whole, treated as footballs by selfish adults, while the law is shown as an imperfect mechanism favouring the wily. Michael Coulter's cinematography and Adrian Smith's production design make south London look appalling, a place where mountains of black plastic garbage bags lie on every corner, where even the football pitches have only bare earth instead of grass, and where rotten, decayed houses are held together by thinly-applied decorators' gloss.

Mike Newell is an impressive director who was responsible for *Dance with a Stranger* last year. His new film is a convincing affirmation of his talent, as well as a demonstration of what the British cinema can do on a modest budget.

## OPERA

# Taking stock of the Davis era

BY MARGARET DAVIES

In his 15 years as music director of the Royal Opera, Colin Davis was involved in more than one unconventional production, but none failed more ludicrously and sadly than the *Fidelio* with which he bowed out of office. Taking William Blake as a source of visual inspiration for Beethoven's great hymn to love, hope and freedom, the producer, Andrei Serban, and his designer, Sally Jacobs, suspended cut-out angels and other allegorical figures inside their brick-walled prison set, hung cages of dummy figures over the action in Act I and tipped them out into Florestan's dungeon in the style of *The Day of Judgment*. There were more angels and devils in the finale, flapping their wings and teetering about on stilts. Worst of all, during the Leonore No 3 overture, misguidedly interpolated by Colin Davis in the middle of Act II in an otherwise sound if measured account of the score, we were treated to a children's mime sequence retelling the story of Leonore and Florestan.

But however much this hotch-potch marred what the majority of the first-night audience must have hoped would be an occasion for congratulation and a happy leave-taking, it was a far more serious reflection on the state of artistic affairs at Covent Garden. The shadow of Peter Hall still hangs over the place. It is pointless to conjecture what might have been had he not defected from the post of production director be-

Colin Davis conducting the final Prom performance of *Fidelio*.

fore taking it up in 1971. But the absence of someone with the courage and authority to say "Rubbish!" to producers' excesses and put a stop on errors of artistic judgment has never been more glaringly apparent.

If Colin Davis remained reluctant to commit himself to another permanent partnership, he reaped the benefits of working with a series of producers of diverse talents. His reputation as a Mozartian was already established in 1971 but it was greatly enhanced by the many performances of *Figaro*, *Don Giovanni*, *Così fan tutte* and *Die Zauberflöte* that he conducted with such vigour and perception. He also introduced *La clemenza di Tito* to Covent Garden. Another speciality was Berlioz and his *Trojans* and *Benvenuto Cellini* were outstanding.

His collaboration with Götz Friedrich gave rise to a *Ring* that was as controversial in its day as it was musically stimulating, and to the British première of the three-act version of *Lulu*, which showed the team at its brilliant best. They also gave us memorable performances of *Der Freischütz* and *Idomeneo*. A fruitful partnership with Elijah Moshinsky led to a superb *Peter Grimes*, the first Covent Garden *Rake's Progress*, a visually arresting *Samson et Dalila* and *Tannhäuser*. The often baffling works of Michael Tippett found a place in the Royal Opera repertory largely through Colin Davis who conducted the premières of both *The Knot Garden* and *The Ice Break*.

But his farthest-reaching achievement was the launching, in his first year as music director, of the Covent Garden Proms. They brought a new audience and a new atmosphere to the Royal Opera House and they at least gained unqualified approval. It was as a Prom that he gave the last performance of *Fidelio*.



# The brains of British intelligence

BY ROBERT BLAKE

**Intelligence Chief Extraordinary  
The Life of the Ninth Duke of Portland**  
by Patrick Howarth  
The Bodley Head, £15

The ninth and last Duke of Portland, for there are no heirs to the title, is now 89 and remarkably fit, vigorous and alert. Better known for most of his life as William (Bill) Cavendish-Bentinck, he and his elder brother were directly descended from the third Duke, who was twice Prime Minister—in 1784 and 1807-9. They became successive dukes but were very remote cousins of the seventh Duke who died in 1977 and left the whole of his vast fortune to his two daughters and their descendants.

Bill Bentinck had to make his way in life and eventually did so with remarkable success. He entered the Diplomatic Service and held various posts, none perhaps of great importance until in 1939 he was appointed Chairman of a then obscure body called the Joint Intelligence sub-committee of the Chiefs of Staff, or JIC. The War Office supported the idea of a Foreign Office chairman to avoid the hideous possibility of a sailor being installed. One is reminded of Bentinck's own comment on dealing later with the American armed services: "I thought the US Navy and Army would just as soon fight each other as the Japanese."

There is a wide consensus among all those who had relations with the JIC that Bentinck was a brilliant chairman who made a major contri-

bution to the aspect of war in which the British excelled—intelligence. The Committee, having been a Cinderella among the wartime institutions, was elevated to one of the most important bodies in the conduct of war by Winston Churchill in a directive on May 17, 1940. It was to be "responsible for taking the initiative in preparing in any hour of the day or night, as a matter of urgency, papers on any particular development in the international situation". The papers were to be "as brief as possible". Their utility "will very largely depend on the rapidity with which they can be prepared and issued". As the author says: "it was Churchill's first major contribution as Prime Minister to the reorganization of British intelligence and one that was to be of lasting importance".

The JIC correctly predicted many developments in the war but not all. It failed to predict the German invasion of Norway and, although the evidence existed, it failed to predict that the main thrust of the German offensive against France would be in the Sedan area. Probably German speed and military superiority would have been decisive anyway. But the Committee was right on some crucial points. It reckoned that Germany would not invade Britain in 1940 and that comparisons with the successful attack on Norway were misleading. It predicted the German move into the Balkans and Greece in 1941, though not the *coup* in Iraq,

which was not important anyway.

Bentinck himself believed that Hitler would attack Russia but he did not entirely convince his own committee. The difficulty was that people could not imagine that Hitler would commit "an act of such consummate folly", as the author calls it. But it was not just a tactical error on Hitler's part. The destruction of Russia and the aim of *lebensraum* in the fertile Ukraine were the principal reasons Hitler started the war. Britain and France were ancillary objectives to the main purpose. It is curious that this was so little recognized in the West. If it had been there would have been a better appreciation of German strategy in 1941. At any rate the JIC did in the end, if very late in the day, conclude that Germany was about to attack Russia. Bentinck, correctly predicting the date, tried to warn the Russian ambassador 10 days before the invasion began. In vain; the Russians were taken completely by surprise.

The JIC came into its own when the tide began to turn. An elaborate deception plan made possible the unopposed Anglo-American landings in North Africa in November, 1942. The invasion of Sicily in July, 1943 succeeded, thanks to the creation of a bogus major in the Royal Marines whose corpse was allowed to drift ashore with documents indicating that the Allies intended to attack Sardinia. The invasion of Normandy was preceded

by deception plans which convinced the German High Command that it was a diversionary tactic to mask an invasion of the Pas de Calais area.

Where the JIC did go wrong was in its over-optimistic forecasts about German resistance after the Normandy break-out. Churchill was more realistic, writing on September 8, 1944: "It is at least as likely that Hitler will be fighting on January 1 as that he will collapse before then." Bentinck showed a refreshing realism about the Russians in laying down guide lines for dealing with them. "Nothing should be given to the Russians gratuitously," he wrote, and "in dealing with Russian officers it is important to treat them with strict formality and punctilio, even more than friendliness."

After the war Bentinck became ambassador in Warsaw but the Poles soon got rid of him because he knew too much. He was due to become ambassador in Brazil when Ernest Bevin summarily dismissed him without a pension because of a divorce scandal. It was a shameful decision. The author is probably right in saying that "the real victor was a class hatred, to which the Foreign Secretary found it expedient to bow". It is gratifying to know that Bentinck rapidly recovered from virtual penury by carving out a new and highly successful career in business. This account of his life, much of it told in his own words, makes fascinating reading ○

## RECENT FICTION

### Cautionary tales

BY HARRIET WAUGH

**The Shrapnel Academy**

by Fay Weldon  
Hodder & Stoughton, £8.95

**The Believer**

by Charles Gidley  
André Deutsch, £9.95

**Before the Cock Crow**

by Simon Raven  
Muller, Blond & White, £9.95

Fay Weldon's recent novels are overtly polemic, the characters and plot subordinated to political intention. There is never a whimper or a cry of delight that breaks free from the author's steely will. Her characters are female voices shouting out of the void usually in wild, abusive complaint, sometimes in whining lamentation. Fay Weldon is not con-

cerned with naturalism. Her female protagonists can, if they so wish, with a puff of wind from their cheeks demolish windmills, or rather men's overweening complacency. She writes—as long as she keeps female poetic gobbledegook at bay—wonderfully well, and even when she irritates with her authorial wailings and rending of tresses the conception of her novels never fails to interest.

In *The Shrapnel Academy*, however, the novel is not so much about the female condition as a statement in support of nuclear disarmament. It is also, more importantly, a highly entertaining comedy of manners. Miss Weldon takes the classic, hoary situation where a collection of people marooned inside a country house are at the mercy of unexpected danger and tells a parable about what happens when nations advance in wealth and power by inventing more and more sophisticated weaponry.

Gathered at the Shrapnel Academy—a military institution—under the aegis of the formidable but

limited Joan Lumb, its glorified housekeeper, is a group of people who have come for the night to hear an aged general give The Wellington Lecture. Among the guests and staff is Muffin, Joan Lumb's pretty secretary, her lover Bat, an arms' dealer with a handy arsenal in an attaché case, Joan Lumb's brother, a businessman, his wife and their two children and dog, the aged general, his beautiful mistress and chauffeur, a couple of military academics attached to the academy, a feminist journalist who is thought to be from *The Times* but who is, in fact, from *The Woman's Times*, and Murray, for whom Joan Lumb has an unrequited passion. Murray, who suffers from an assortment of ailments including bad digestion, travels as a troubleshooter from country to country, often being tortured and imprisoned.

The snow falls, the wine flows, alliances are formed, sexual trysts are negotiated, wives and girlfriends feel unloved, children are kept out of sight and sound and the dog is sent

to the servants' quarters. However, downstairs the servants are in rebellion. Joan Lumb may think that she employs 30-odd immigrant servants from the Third World but in fact 100 men, women and children cram into the subterranean passages and cellars of the house. Under the despotic rule of Acorn, the subversive African butler, they plan vengeance for a lifetime's ills. I will not describe what happens as it would spoil an excellently sardonic comic story. This is Fay Weldon's most enjoyable novel for some years.

*The Believer* by Charles Gidley is set in the mid 19th century and concerns the formation and development of the Plymouth Brethren, a fundamentalist sect, in the West Country. If this sounds a little dry and deadly, I should explain that Mr Gidley has unfolded a strong family drama against the backdrop of the rise of the brethren with a likeable heroine and believable characters. He has a strong grasp of the period and of the religious emotions that



engaged the Victorians. This is a deftly written first novel.

The heroine, Susannah Brougham, is the only child of a selfish clergyman with Romish leanings and a Dissenting mother. The couple did not get on. Orphaned in her mid 20s Susannah cannot wait to expand her horizons. She is pretty, intelligent with an independent nature, and has some education and wealth. Unfortunately, she falls for the only presentable man she meets and, worse, marries him. One of the themes of the novel is the appalling yoke of marriage to women at that time. Blair is a penniless clerk in an Exeter law firm. He is a good-looking blockhead, and a prig who has had one (to him) shameful sexual experience with a whore before falling overwhelmingly in love with Susannah. The marriage shows signs of strain from the start. Susannah, by nature sexually bold, finds Blair a disappointing lover, and Blair, who thinks Susannah over-educated, suffers from feelings of inferiority. They move to the country and live a discontented fashionable life.

Almost 20 years later Blair has a St Paul-style conversion to the Brethren, whom he had formerly despised. Susannah allows herself to be publicly baptized by total immersion in the river in front of jeering townspeople because she hopes that through subjugating her person to her husband's whim she and Blair might find an emotional and spiritual renewal of their marriage. The slow, blow by blow pressure that comes upon the family through the mixture of Blair's near-mad hypocrisy and genuine belief gives the novel its tension. Charles Gidley has created in Blair a complex and wholly convincing unlikeable man.

This is a subtle book. A lesser writer might have caricatured Blair's behaviour and the fundamentalist and oppressive beliefs of the Brethren. Instead he breathes life into a difficult piece of history and contents himself with showing the darker side of goodness.

Simon Raven's third novel in his saga on the sexual gyrations of the young and old played around prep-school cricket grounds continues on its merry and salacious way.

Before the Cock Crow has the impotent Lord Canteloupe looking for a man to father yet another heir—the first being half-witted—on yet another wife. A wealthy schoolmaster, with unnatural death-giving powers, holds a reading party during the summer holidays in order to subvert, physically and morally, Canteloupe's beautiful godson, Marius Stern, to his own godless purposes. Meanwhile, in Italy, a transvestite intrigue ends in death—if not actual murder. This curious comedy of manners—whose manners?—is written by Mr Raven in his usual sparkling prose. It is as highly readable as it is silly in content ○

## OTHER NEW BOOKS

### London's Mansions

by David Pearce  
Batsford, £25

For some 600 years, from the 13th to the 19th centuries, London was dominated by the massive mansions and private palaces of the church and the nobility. They were designed for show and for ceremony as much as for residence, and their architecture reflected the complex patterns of life imposed by, and on, their owners. *London's Mansions* records the history and development of those aristocratic dwellings, which spread initially between the City of Westminster, and later to Holborn, Bloomsbury, Piccadilly and Park Lane.

This is a fascinating book, full of intriguing details about the buildings and the people who lived in them, though there is inevitably a dying fall about it. Few people alive today experienced anything like the life these mansions were created to support, and not many of the buildings survive. Those that do are no longer used for their original purpose, and David Pearce produces a melancholy example. Last year the heir to the throne attended a ball at Spencer House in St James's Place, built by John Vardy for the first Earl to celebrate the majority of the present Earl's son. It was a lavish occasion redolent of an earlier age, and in the morning Spencer House had to be handed back to its office tenants.

### The Open Spaces of London

by Alec Forshaw and Theo Bergström  
Allison & Busby, £19.95

There are more than 40,000 acres of public open space, and 3,000 acres of cemeteries, in Greater London, which amount to about 12 per cent of its total area excluding the Thames. The authors of this book claim in their first sentence that London's open spaces are one of its finest and most appreciated assets, unrivalled in any other capital city, and that is hard to challenge. Certainly they provide a wealth of detailed evidence in support.

The fact is that Londoners are never far from a park, garden, square, churchyard, piazza or some other space protected by an oddity of the law or left open by a confusion among planners. This book includes most of them, with useful information and comments, some more pertinent than others. There is a suggestion of impatience and even intolerance at times.

Why, for example, should F. J. Horniman, who gave London an interesting museum and one of its prettiest parks, be condemned with a line that suggests an ignorance that is not reflected elsewhere in the book? In general the writing is informative if at times sloppy, the photographs competent, but poorly reproduced, and there is a useful gazetteer.

# SIR ARTHUR BRYANT

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## THIS MONTH'S BEST SELLERS

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- 2 (6) **A Taste for Death** by P. D. James  
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- 3 (8) **Act of Will** by Barbara Taylor Bradford  
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- 6 (3) **I'll Take Manhattan** by Judith Krantz  
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### HARDBACK NON-FICTION

- 1 (1) **Is That It?** by Bob Geldof  
Sidgwick & Jackson, £10.95  
From rags to riches to feeding the needy.
- 2 (—) **The Africans** by Ali Mazrui  
BBC, £14.95
- 3 (—) **Monty: The Field Marshal 1944-76** by Nigel Hamilton  
Hamish Hamilton, £15  
Final volume of a major biography.
- 4 (2) **Wallis & Edward Letters 1931-37** edited by Michael Bloch  
Weidenfeld & Nicolson, £12.95  
A new light on the Duchess of Windsor.
- 5 (3) **Runaway** by Lucy Irvine  
Viking, £9.95  
What happens when you do—and then cash in on it.
- 6 (5) **Michelin Red Guide to France: 1986**  
Michelin, £7.47
- 7 (4) **Going for It: How to Succeed as an Entrepreneur** by Victor Kiam  
Collins, £9.95  
If you like the sound of a firm and it's in trouble, buy it and restore it!
- 8 (—) **Freedom's Own Island** by Arthur Bryant  
Collins, £15  
Second volume of a history of Britain.
- 9 (—) **Catherine Cookson Country** by Catherine Cookson  
Heinemann, £9.95  
The north-east by a writer whose novels of the area have pleased millions.
- 10 (—) **Rock Hudson: His Story** by Rock Hudson and Sara Davidson  
Weidenfeld & Nicolson, £10.95  
Further decline in the reputation of a star who once enthralled women.

### PAPERBACK FICTION

- 1 (—) **Hold the Dream** by Barbara Taylor Bradford  
Grafton Books, £3.50  
Gushing fantasy for afternoons by the pool.
- 2 (2) **Moon** by James Herbert  
New English Library, £2.95  
If horror is your cup of tea, this is for you.
- 3 (9) **The Sicilian** by Mario Puzo  
Bantam, £2.95  
Italianate blood and thunder.
- 4 (—) **The Burning Shore** by Wilbur Smith  
Pan, £2.95  
Love between a noble French girl and an English general's son at the end of the First World War.
- 5 (4) **The Hunt for Red October** by Tom Clancy  
Fontana, £2.95  
A super Soviet ballistic missile ship defects.
- 6 (8) **Kane and Abel** by Jeffrey Archer  
Coronet, £2.95  
An old bestseller reappears.
- 7 (—) **Creed for the Third Millennium** by Colleen McCullough  
Futura, £2.95  
Appalling novel about an American guru.
- 8 (—) **Queenie** by Michael Korda  
Pan, £2.50  
All about a stunningly beautiful lady in India, Mayfair and Hollywood.
- 9 (6) **Confessional** by Jack Higgins  
Pan, £2.50  
An attempted Papal assassination.
- 10 (1) **Paradise Postponed** by John Mortimer  
Penguin, £3.50  
A delightfully witty and old-fashioned novel.

### PAPERBACK NON-FICTION

- 1 (2) **Royal Wedding Official Souvenir**  
Pitkin Pictorials, £2.25
- 2 (1) **The Food Aid Cookery Book** by Delia Smith and Terry Wogan  
BBC, £3.95
- 3 (—) **Slow Boats Home** by Gavin Young  
Penguin, £3.95  
Delightful travel book.
- 4 (—) **Cooking for Celebrations** by Mary Berry  
Macdonald, £2.95
- 5 (6) **The Cambridge Diet** by Alan Norman Howard  
Corgi, £1.95  
Yet another way to lose weight.
- 6 (8) **Proms 86**  
BBC, £1.25
- 7 (—) **Sunrise with Sea Monsters** by Paul Theroux  
Penguin, £3.95  
Essays of a major travel writer.
- 8 (10) **Floyd on Fire** by Keith Floyd  
BBC, £3.95  
How to barbecue food without burning yourself.
- 9 (—) **Mission to South Africa** by Commonwealth Eminent Persons Group  
Penguin, £2.50  
Sensible approach to the current South Africa situation.
- 10 (7) **Out of Africa** by Karen Blixen  
Penguin, £3.95  
African autobiography by the Danish writer.

Brackets show last month's position.  
Information from National Book League.  
Comments by Martyn Goff.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

### AGAINST THE ODDS

From Correlli Barnett

Dear Sir, There is a curious discrepancy in Robert Blake's review of my book *The Audit of War* (*ILN*, May) between his approving summary of my analysis of Britain's weaknesses as an industrial society, as revealed to Government by the demands of the Second World War, and his altogether too "comfortable" conclusion that because we built the Spitfire and the Lancaster, invented radar, and emerged on the winning side against Bonaparte, the Kaiser and Hitler, we have really not been too unsuccessful after all.

In the first place, his technological examples are ill-chosen: the brunt of the Battle of Britain was borne by the Hurricane because the Spitfire had been so delayed in production before the war that far fewer were available than planned; the Lancaster has to be balanced against the Stirling, a relative failure as a bomber, and such total failures as the Bristol Buckingham and Vickers Warwick and Windsor; and the wartime development of radar depended crucially on American valves and components.

Of course it made sense for the allies to pool their industrial resources, but the heavy imbalance of that pooling only demonstrates Britain's narrow base in advanced technologies—which remains the case today.

It is perfectly true, as Robert Blake writes, that an "audit" of British industrial capability at periods in the century other than the Second World War would return much the same gloomy picture. The point of selecting the Second World War for the audit in my book is that here was an extraordinary situation of national peril and national mobilization within a defined lapse of time, which, being abundantly documented in once secret production ministry and Cabinet committee files in the Public Record Office, serves to demonstrate British failings in a peculiarly graphic and concentrated fashion. After all, if the British could not, or would not, get their act together as an industrial society with the Germans on the Channel coast and loose in the Atlantic, when would they?

When Robert Blake reviewed my book *The Collapse of British Power* in 1972—a period when Britain had already fallen far as a great power and the ravages of the "British disease" had already become evident—he then politely pooh-poohed my analysis of past British errors and omissions, arguing that things had not been, and were not, as bad as all that with Britain; a reaction which I found astonishing. I find it, therefore, much more astonishing

that 14 years on, with Britain now 14th in the free world in GNP per head and manufacturing output only a third of West Germany's, he can still take so comfortable a view of our record and our present position.

Correlli Barnett  
Churchill College  
Cambridge

### ASSESSING THE BOMB DAMAGE

From Marjorie Miller

Dear Sir, I look forward each month to the arrival of my copy of *The Illustrated London News*, and I read with great interest the article entitled "Assessing the Bomb Damage" (*ILN*, May).

Particularly amazing was the viewpoint expressed that Israel's striking back when it is attacked is not the way to go. Has it ever occurred to the writer that if Israel lacked the courage to strike back there quite possibly would be no Israel in the world today.

"Concerted diplomatic sanctions" sounds admirably simple, and soothing to our frayed nerves, until we remind ourselves that Neville Chamberlain, with the best of intentions, was also most favourably disposed to that concept.

As in many aspects of our lives, it takes tenacity to persevere against difficult odds; to stand alone; and to risk the criticism of friends, but the results can be wondrous for having the courage to try.

Marjorie Miller  
Palos Verdes Estates  
California



ROYAL WEDDING

We very much regret that the photograph of Sarah Ferguson going up the aisle in Westminster Abbey, published in our August issue, was reversed and thus showed her on her father's left arm, whereas she was on his right, as is customary, and as is here shown.



# Getting the true measure of the whites

BY MICHAEL BROADBENT

We seem to have travelled a long way from the rather blinkered "white wine with fish" concept. White wines have been in the vanguard of the worldwide wine revolution. Whereas reds are still—and appropriately—regarded and used as wines to accompany food, whites have been found to be more versatile. While conceding that two of the world's most famous white wines happen to be sparkling and fortified, respectively—champagne and sherry—the real revolution has been in the still and natural-strength field.

White, light and dry: all are misnomers. White wine is never white. It ranges from almost a watery colourlessness through shades of green-tinged pale yellow to a startling yellow-gold. The grapes from which it is made, though called white, are green-skinned when immature and a palish yellow, covered with a dusty bloom when ready for picking. "Light" can mean light in style or low in alcohol. In practice white wines are often neither. White burgundy, though it frequently gives the impression of lightness, can have an alcoholic content degrees higher than claret. As for dryness, what often passes for this is a wine which is thin and tart—for acidity gives the impression of dryness, masking the residual sugar content.

Natural-strength dessert wines such as Sauternes and the sweeter German wines generally start off life with more yellow pigment, particularly in good ripe vintages when they are an attractive yellow-gold. Most white wine is consumed when it is young and fresh, but the finest dry whites and dessert wines will not only keep but will improve with age. I am thinking of the best dry white Graves such as Château Haut-Brion blanc and Laville-Haut-Brion, and of the great white burgundies. A well-kept 20-year-old Montrachet or Bâtard-Montrachet will have gained extra dimensions as it mellows in bottle. Its colour, initially a bright yellow, will have turned to yellow-gold. After 40 years Sauternes turns to an autumnal amber-gold.

The aroma, by which I mean that element of the smell of a wine that is derived from the grape, is more important in young whites than reds. Conversely, bouquet, narrowly defined as that which derives partly from fermentation but more importantly from the changes arising during the development of the wine in bottle, is more significant when it comes to quality reds. The reason is simple: white wines, particularly dry whites, are mainly drunk young and

therefore must be at their best at an early age, whereas most good, certainly all "serious" reds, whether Bordeaux or bordeaux-style; Burgundy, Rhône, Barolo and so forth, need aging first in cask then, for longer, in bottle to achieve the mellowness that comes only with maturity. The bouquet must evolve in parallel, indeed, is part of the maturing process.

A basic requirement for professional tasters is the ability to recognize the aroma produced by different grape varieties and it surely adds to the fun of amateurs. The better the wine the more clear-cut the aroma. The two most distinctive, in my opinion, are the aromas of the Sauvignon Blanc and Gewürztraminer. Both grape varieties are now cultivated worldwide but their home bases are the upper-mid Loire and Alsace. The twin district wines Sancerre and Pouilly-Fumé have the archetypal Sauvignon-Blanc scent and character—usually a pronounced, mouthwatering, crisp fruitiness reminiscent of unripe blackcurrants, or perhaps red or white currants. More crudely they often have a strong odour like an old carpet in a damp basement upon which generations of tom cats have peed. What makes the mouth water is the youthful acidity, mainly tartaric. The latter, an essential component of all wines, is what sets the juices flowing, whetting the appetite—one of the principal purposes of young dry whites.

Gewürztraminer is a complete contrast. The style and character vary somewhat among the major producers in Alsace. Its aroma is, however, generally less strident and milder than that of the Sauvignon Blanc. It is recognized by characteristic scents, one reminiscent of lychees, the other of rose or violet cachous, sometimes a combination of both, softer and less acidic than its cousins in the Loire.

I have always found the smell and taste of the Chardonnay the most difficult to put into words. A top-class Meursault has an unmistakable but frequently indefinable nose: of fruit, but never grapy, sometimes buttery, waxy, smoky and oaky, the last two elements of the smell deriving from the casks in which the wine spends part of its early life. Some white burgundies see no wood at all—they are kept in stainless-steel tanks to preserve their fresh young fruit.

There are some sensationally attractive Chardonnays grown and made in Australia, also in New Zealand, and marketed here at a fraction

of the price of good white burgundies. They usually have a deeper, more buttercup-yellow colour and a rich, buttery nose which I always refer to as of "Petaluma" style, after the Chardonnay made by the brilliant young wine-maker Brian Croser, near Adelaide. I enjoyed a typical, but new to me, New Zealand Chardonnay only the other day. Called Babich and from the Henderson Valley it was very much Petaluma style. I used to like the Californian Chardonnays but they are veering away from the perhaps over-oaked, characterful and flowery whites to the paler, more austere and neutral chablis-style wines. I think they are making a mistake—if I want to drink chablis I will buy chablis.

That other noble grape, the Riesling, is most at home and at its most typical along the banks of the Rhine



In ripe years a late-picked Riesling has a rich honeycomb smell

and Mosel in Germany, and is also one of the pleasantest and easiest of grape styles. Before saying "hocks are too sweet" please realize that the German approach to wine-making is entirely different from the French. In France strength is such an important factor that the price of everyday *vin de table* often depends on the

degree of alcohol, whereas in German wines alcohol plays a subordinate role: the aim is for a pleasing balance of fruit and acidity. Usually pale in colour, with a greenish tinge when young, a Riesling from the Rheingau will have a firm, crisp, fruity aroma, fairly grapy and with mouth-watering acidity. A touch of residual grape sugar boosts the "grapiness" of flavour; remove that and the wine often lacks interest. The drier run-of-the-mill wines are a case in point. In ripe years like 1983, 1976 and 1971 late-picked grapes produce greater richness and depth all round: a deeper yellow-gold colour, a sweeter more honeycomb smell, and more flesh and other components of flavour on the palate.

Of the other principal wine grapes, Chenin Blanc has distinct characteristics. It is at its best in "the garden of France", the mid Loire. Ranging from the bone-dry and somewhat austere Savennières through *demi-sec* Vouvrays to the luscious, almost sauternes-like Coteaux du Layon, the colour is usually yellow, the aroma a waxy sort of fruit which, if of a good vintage, becomes honeyed with bottle age. The common denominator is acidity. All Loire wines—the few reds, the several rosés and the many whites—are high in acidity, some almost tart when young and of an indifferent year. In that area is the popular if low-keyed Muscadet, the name of the grape and of the wine. Frankly, the majority are at best innocuous though the peripatetic and charming Marquis de Goulaine produces a state-of-the-art Muscadet.

One of the grapiest of all table wines is the Muscat d'Alsace. It has many of the characteristics of the Riesling but announces itself with a most pronounced muscatelle-grape aroma. The nose leads the palate to anticipate a sweet wine, so it is often a shock to find that it tastes bone dry. Other related grapes are interesting. The smell of Morio-Muscat, grown in Austria, reminds me of Turkish delight but is infinitely less cloying. Muscat de Beaumes-de-Venise, a wine produced by muting the fermentation, leaving a good deal of residual sugar, is a deep yellow-gold, has a muscat grape aroma which tends to pall, and a strident, rather one-dimensional sweetness on the palate. Better to inflict this on your guests when you serve a strawberry flan rather than a fine Beerenauslese or a Sauternes. The latter are best served with *pâté de foie gras*, with roquefort cheese, perhaps a ripe nectarine, or alone ○





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# A glimmer in the French firmament

BY KINGSLEY AMIS

Some things must surely have changed at the good old Etoile since the days when it was the haunt of Ian Fleming and other denizens of upper Bohemia, but they seem to be hard to spot: the same non-eye-catching, comfortable, even cosy surroundings, the same gravely courteous and attentive service, the same menu—uncompromisingly old-fashioned French—in at any rate the same style of handwriting. To all appearance the waiters are unchanged too, and in particular the energy and authority of the wine-waiter remain undiminished.

Placing himself as far as possible from the American view (with which I have some sympathy) that the paying customer's taste is good taste whatever it may be within reason, the sommelier at the Etoile acts on the belief that there are morally good and bad choices of wine to be made for every accompanying dish. He it was who back in the 60s reprehended me severely for picking a Muscat d'Alsace to go with a herring salad, admittedly not the easiest of choices to defend, and made it plain years later that while he might have forgiven the offence he had not forgotten it. This is very French. But I am pretty sure my friend would never go as far as the Parisian colleague of his who once vetoed my order of a large postprandial Grand Marnier, making it clear enough that what I had eaten entitled me at most to a small cognac.

The more indulgent side of the French character comes to the fore with the presentation of the hors d'oeuvres trolley, by tradition a great glory of this cuisine. From it came at our prompting a salmon salad with French beans, potatoes and mayonnaise that drew three cheers and the description "bland but with bite". Something of the sort could also have been said about my dressed crab—a dish notoriously easy to go over the top with and render cloying. Not this time: lemon-juice but not only lemon-juice, kept the richness firmly in check. As for the escargots, they were plump and moist in a first-rate sauce, the lurking trap of rubberiness triumphantly avoided. Salmon mousse and stuffed aubergine also scored high.

Second courses included a filet de bœuf in red wine sauce with green peppers which its recipient declared to be unimprovable, with superlatively tender and flavoury meat and expertly prepared vegetables. My sole meunière was gossamer-light as regards the flesh, even if the skin came near to an excess of fat. Later, the almond meringue and the hazelnut meringue produced cries of delight, and no fault was found with the fresh fruit in syrup: hard to do badly, true, but done well none the less.

On the debit side, two veal dishes were a sad disappointment, the elaborate Marsala sauce of one of them not concealing the inferiority of the meat. The poached turbot struck my guest as nurseryfied, rendered too bland but at the same time not moist enough. And the large plate of hors d'oeuvres which I opted for as a main course, leaving its selection to the waiter, must I am afraid be called a disaster. It consisted for the most part of four or five kinds of diversified cold fish that were remarkably uniform in their tastelessness, giving the strong impression that this was not their first appearance at the table. A spoonful of frozen shrimps provided the nadir, the unmistakable signal that the tradition had been let down. The vile,



mouth-desiccating creatures should never be allowed inside a decent restaurant.

To revert thankfully to drink: I kicked off at the lunchtable with a Kir, a pleasant apéritif on a hot day and well enough made in this case, and if it went down a little fast and left me feeling rather in need of a drink, well, what could I have expected from a small shot of innocuous blackcurrant cordial topped up with white wine? The table wine turned out to be distinctly less than the treat we had been banking on. It was good to get the wine-

waiter's seven out of ten, but I have to confess I have had many a more drinkable, less thin and sharp Riesling d'Alsace than the one he selected for us. But I at least finished strongly, rounding off lunch with a magnificent 25-year-old calvados, though I hope not to be thought to carp if I say I felt a bit of a fool as I supped it out of a balloon glass that would not have looked ridiculously small in King Kong's fist. Again, serious restaurants can afford to leave such knick-knacks alone. My after-dinner wine receives lengthier consideration.

Eau-de-vie de marc, the spirit distilled from the "tread" or debris left after wine-making, is not everybody's cup of tea, and it is true that any drink that tends to be labelled "much esteemed by local connoisseurs", as this one does, needs treating with serious reserve. This is often all too well justified, but there are some marvellous surprises to be met with among the rarer types, rare in this country at least. One such is Marc de Gewürztraminer d'Alsace, made from the tread of that delicious wine and redolent of all its celebrated soft but spicy fragrance. In my experience it is to be seen at the Etoile and at no other restaurant in London, and even there not on the list now if it ever was, and perhaps in short supply, but I selflessly recommend it to my readers. It has the great quality of casting a warm retrospective glow over the whole occasion.

And this is doubly welcome in the present case. The Etoile remains a splendid, cheerful spot to go out to in a party of two or three, but its ability to provide satisfactory victuals is patchy. Here, too, the old place has not changed.

L'Etoile, 30 Charlotte Street, London W1 (636 7189). Mon-Fri 12.30-3.30pm, 6.30-10pm; about £50 for two.

## ETHNIC DELIGHTS

### Rani

3-5 Long Lane, Finchley, N3 (349 4386).

Serving Gujarati vegetarian food, Rani provides a welcome break from the cocktail and sizzling tandoori establishments which are now as hackneyed as those with flocked wallpaper and pictures of the Taj Mahal used to be.

Rani's modern décor is achieved simply with chrome and cane chairs, Venetian blinds, cream walls and bright red woodwork. The quality of the food which emerges from the kitchen of Jyoti Pattni, a Gujarati and East African Asian, owes much to the attention of his mother and of his wife. Unless you have fixed ideas, try the Rani Super Table (£8.50 each for a party of at least two) for a taste of the best of the menu. There are free refills of any of the main-course dishes you particularly crave.

Among the starters *Bhel poori* was my favourite, a mixture of wholewheat, puffed rice, sev, potato and moong bean sprouts sharpened by raw onion and rounded out with a tamarind

sauce. There is a notable banana, spinach and tomato curry.

The key to all dishes is the freshness of the ingredients and the often laborious preparation which produces delicate consistencies and some finely-tuned contrasts of, say, a hot spice with a cool yoghurt or a coconut chutney. Mon-Sun, 12.30-2pm, 6-10.30pm.

### ZENW3

83-84 Hampstead High St, NW3 (794 6227).

This new, third branch of Zen is state-of-the-art Chinese. It is expensive, many would say pretentious, but it does command attention. Its clean, hi-tech design by Rick Mather (who refurbished the Architectural Association) uses light and space well on two floors connected by an open staircase with water channelled down the stair-rail, underlit to create moving patterns on the wall. Seating is on padded aluminium pods with backrests at circular, frosted glass tables.

The menu proclaims the restaurant to be "a monosodium glutamate-free zone", which is welcome news, but the rest of the restaurant's stated philosophy deserves a *Private Eye* parody. For all that, the food lived up to best

expectations. Particular delights among the starters were the soft shell crab with asparagus rice and the pot stickers.

A varied wine list yielded a tart, Geoffrey Roberts' Californian Chardonnay at £10.75; a choice of six teas is cheaper at 50p. The principal drawback, apart from the price of around £45 for a full meal for two, is its popularity, which makes it overcrowded, especially around the bar.

Mon-Sun, noon-11.30pm.

### Saigon

45 Frith St, W1 (437 1672).

Ceiling fans, bamboo pillars and cane chairs give an appropriately south-east Asian flavour to this Vietnamese establishment in the heart of Soho. If the waitresses are unhelpful, and they often are, it is for lack of English rather than temperament, which is gentle and suffuses the small ground floor restaurant with a quiet charm.

The menu encourages those unfamiliar with the cuisine to try one of three set menus, from £19.50 for two.

It is delicate food, best eaten with chopsticks, with greatest appeal to those happy to surprise their tastebuds. Mon-Sat, noon-11.30pm.

ALEX FINER



## WHEN ALL'S SAID AND DONE SARDINIA'S MORE BEAUTIFUL IN AUTUMN.

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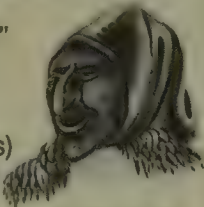
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Not just relaxing but moderately priced: low season, lower prices... both on the ferry boats and in hotels. Moreover you can also purchase typical alimentary products and Sardinian arts and crafts more cheaply. So your memories of Sardinia will also cost less.

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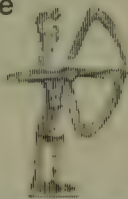
You're in one of the most beautiful places in the world, enjoying its authentic values far from the echoes of the tourist season. The transparent sea stretches out before you, the sun is hot without burning you, the beaches with their incredibly white sand are almost deserted... a real paradise. You want music, dancing, traditional festivities? There are any amount during this period, with

the real flavour of ancient rites. One of the most fascinating occasions is the local folk festivity, the "Cavalcata Sarda", when thousands of people representing the island districts dress up in their local costumes; and the cavalcade is accompanied by popular songs and dances. The ruins of Roman temples and theatres are scattered everywhere; the "Nuraghi" (Sardinia's prehistoric drystone round towers) bear witness to bygone ages.



Typical wood mask of the mammothones

The culture of this land is further enriched by its churches in pure Romanic style. A land of rustic tastes, like its varied, genuine cuisine, rich in tasty dishes with full-bodied wines to wash them down.



A small bronze item of nuraghic age

Sardinia will never cease to amaze you, so don't be surprised if you see the friendly pointed face of a seal emerge from one of the attractive sea caves! Such is Sardinia, a unique island of extraordinary beauty, which is still more splendid and authentic in this season.



Remains of ancient Nuraghis civilization



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## HOTELS

# Embarking on excellence

BY HILARY RUBINSTEIN

What makes people with no previous experience in catering decide to open a hotel? For some it is the hope of profit, for others the opportunity for social nourishment—an endlessly varied diet of new acquaintances. The prudent will weigh carefully the pros and cons of a particular house and its location: the likely flow of tourist traffic, the problems of converting a building to hotel use, the licensing laws of the district and, if food is one of their priorities, the availability of fresh produce.

For the past 10 years Andrew and Alison Johnson have been running Scarista House, an exceptionally good hotel overlooking a magnificent stretch of the Atlantic on the Isle of Harris in the Outer Hebrides. They defy all the rules. There is no tradition of good hotels on Harris, no casual trade to be counted on; the weather is dependably unreliable. Scarista House may be, in Michelin's phrase about three-starred restaurants, "worth a journey", but you do have to make an extra effort to get there. You can fly from Inverness or Glasgow to Stornoway on the adjoining Isle of Lewis and then hire a taxi for the 50 mile journey down to Scarista. Alternatively, you can take a three hour car ferry from Ullapool to Stornoway and drive down, or you can island-hop via Skye.

The present owners may have bought the house for just £5,000, but it was almost in ruins and they had to work on it for a year before it was fit for human habitation. Moreover, as it had been a manse—a Scottish term for parsonage—it was refused a licence for many years until a £1,000 payment was made to the Church of Scotland.

Those who have stayed at Scarista must have wondered what made this couple decide to embark on such an imprudent vocation. The question is now answered in Alison Johnson's book *A House by the Shore* (Gollancz, £10.95), one of the few written by a hotel-keeper about his or her arduous life.

The Johnsons met as post-graduates in Oxford, and, after failing to get into the Civil Service, ended up teaching at a small school in Tarbert on Harris. Early on they made a list of their life priorities—living in the country, opera, sailing, architecture, religion, joinery, cooking. "It did not at first seem like a hopeful combination. Gradually a plan emerged. We could buy a large, derelict old house (architecture) near the sea (sailing) and in the country (rural living), restore it (joinery) and run it as a hotel (cook-

ing). Opera and religion would have to struggle for survival."

How has it all worked out? Improbably well. Scarista is a success due to the Johnsons' unremitting zeal and their passion for excellence. There has been no fudging, corner-cutting or short-changing, and the cooking derives from a genuine enthusiasm and feel for the best fresh ingredients available. They recently became vegetarians and now serve no-option vegetarian menus twice a week.

The Johnsons are not the bland type of innkeeper. They are a far remove from the hotel manager described by Ludwig Bemelmans as "one whose face is like a towel on which everyone has wiped both hands". There is a particularly engaging chapter in the book entitled "Guests and Pests" where the author describes some of her unwanted visitors and the ploys necessary to make sure they do not come again.

Even though the hotel is profitable, the Johnsons are not really in it for the money. And perhaps the fact that Scarista is so different from a conventional undertaking makes a visit so rewarding—apart, of course, from Harris being wildly beautiful and a reward in its own right.

Remote islands are often nesting-grounds for hotels of special delight. Included below are three island hotels which also merit the journey.

**Scarista House Hotel**, Scarista, Isle of Harris, Western Isles, Scotland (085 985) 238. Bed and breakfast £25, dinner £15.

**Isle of Colonsay Hotel**, Colonsay, Strathclyde (095 12) 316. Cheerful hotel on remote, enchanting island two-and-a-half hours by ferry from Oban. Excellent food. Bicycles available. Bed and breakfast £21.50, dinner £10.75.

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Hilary Rubinstein is editor of *The Good Hotel Guide*.



# CHESS

## Game for a read

BY JOHN NUNN

The books I have received for review over the past six months have proved variable in quality. Here is a selection of the most interesting, together with a few warnings.

I do not normally mention periodicals, since one volume varies little from another, but newcomers to the chess scene might wish to know what is available. There are three main series: the Yugoslav *Chess Informant*, the Dutch *New in Chess Yearbooks* and the British *Tournament Chess*. All are softback. The first two appear twice a year and the third is quarterly. Prices tend to vary with exchange rates, but *Chess Informant* is usually about £13 for 750 annotated games, *New in Chess Yearbook* about £16 for 1,000 games, many but not all annotated, and *Tournament Chess* about £11 for 800 unannotated games. All three can be obtained from any good chess stockist such as the British Chess Magazine (9 Market Street, St Leonards, East Sussex TN38 0DQ). *Tournament Chess* is cheaper if you take out a yearly subscription (four volumes for £36) from the editor at Lower Ground Floor, 51 Eardley Crescent, London SW5 9JT.

They are all useful, well-produced publications; indeed the general appearance of the Dutch and Yugoslav series puts the average chess book to shame. All three have excellent indexes, essential in view of the huge number of games involved. The sheer quantity of information presented makes them good value.

*Tournament Chess*, now up to volume 20, contains all the games from the world's major tournaments, but the lack of annotations makes it hard going unless you are a keen player. It is essential for serious chess students and those who like to have a complete record of all the top games, but it is not the average player's bedtime reading. *Chess Informant* is 20 years old and in this time the Yugoslav editors have improved it out of all recognition. If I were to be stranded on a desert island my choice of books would be a complete set of the 40 volumes of *Chess Informant*, ample to keep me occupied until rescue came. *New in Chess* competes for the same market as *Chess Informant*. The Dutch books are of similar quality to *Chess Informant*, but they have been going for only two years and the most recent volume appeared late, so they may be less reliable.

Moving on to individual books, top of the list is *The New Anti-Najdorf: 6 Be3!* by Gisbert Jacoby (softback, £2.50, from Tournament Chess,

address above). This booklet, covering the opening line 1 P-K4 P-QB4 2 N-KB3 P-Q3 3 P-Q4 PxP 4 NxP N-KB3 5 N-QB3 P-QR3 6 B-K3, proves that 32 pages of genuine research and analysis is of more value than 120 pages of mediocrity.

The remaining books are all published by B. T. Batsford. *Spanish Gambits* by L. Shamkovich and E. Schiller (softback, £5.95), dealing with some sacrificial lines of the Ruy Lopez, contains 96 pages of larger than normal type. Here is an excerpt. In the position arising after 1 P-K4 P-K4 2 N-KB3 N-QB3 3 B-N5 P-QR3 4 B-R4 N-B3 5 0-0 B-K2 6 R-K1 P-QN4 7 B-N3 0-0 8 P-B3 P-Q4 9 PxP NxP 10 NxP NxN 11 RxN, the authors write that the move 11...P-QB3 "... was introduced by co-author Shamkovich in 1956 ...". This shows an absolutely breathtaking disregard of historical fact. Marshall, who introduced the whole idea of 8...P-Q4, himself suggested 11...P-QB3 in a 1942 book, and standard works on the openings give a number of pre-1956 references. Other important lines are simply not mentioned and errors occur frequently. I do not recommend this book.

*Spanish without ...a6* by M. Yudovich (softback, £6.95) is an out-of-date translation from the Russian. Almost one-third of the book deals with the line 1 P-K4 P-K4 2 N-KB3 N-QB3 3 B-N5 P-B4, covered both in *Spanish Gambits* and in another recent Batsford book, which I view as excessive duplication. Moreover the blurb on the back reads: "This work ... contains substantial new analysis and illustrative games, particularly in the Marshall and Dilworth attacks." In fact the book does not mention the Marshall and Dilworth attacks at all, hardly surprising as both these lines involve the move ...a6. Nevertheless some people might be misled.

Next, we come to *Vienna Game*, by A. Konstantinopolsky and V. Lepeshkin (softback, £6.95). This book offers good coverage of 1 P-K4 P-K4 2 N-QB3, with some analysis of 2 B-B4. The authors have developed worthwhile new ideas and players interested in these classical openings should find the book useful.

Finally, the third volume of the *Encyclopaedia of Chess Endings* has just been released. This deals with end games involving rooks and minor pieces. More than 1,700 positions are analysed in detail and there are many contributions by leading grand masters. The standard of analysis is exceptionally high, so this book is to be recommended ○

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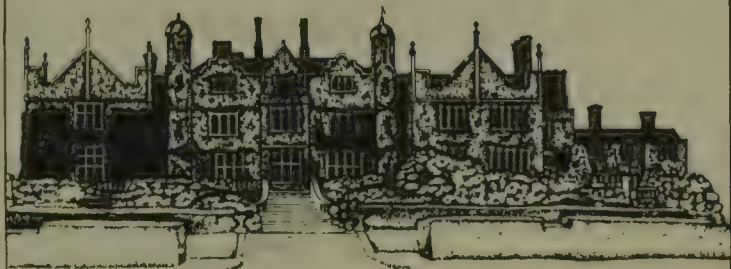
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## BRIDGE

# Two kinds of luck

BY JACK MARX

Luck at this game can take various forms and be defined in various ways. The South player on the first of these hands had become declarer at what at first sight seemed to him a highly meritorious contract of Seven Spades. It seemed rather less so when East showed up with all five missing trumps, but South despite this contrived to make his contract. He was not particularly amused to be told by an ungracious East how lucky he had been.

♠ KQJ5 Dealer South  
♥ 65 Game All  
♦ AQJ7  
♣ KQ3

♠ void  
♥ K109874  
♦ 109842  
♣ 85

♠ 108732  
♥ J2  
♦ 653  
♣ 1092

♠ A964  
♥ AQ3  
♦ K  
♣ AJ764

North-South had an unopposed auction:

North 2♦ 3♠ 4NT6♣ 7♠  
South 1♣ 2♣ 4♥ 5♣ 6♦ No

The bidding began in normal Acol style, Four Hearts was a cue-bid that might show either first- or second-round control, Four No-trumps was Roman Blackwood to which the Five Club response showed either no Aces or three. The minor-suit six bids affirmed additional features, by which time North became convinced that a grand slam was a first-rate proposition. He chose spades rather than no-trumps since it was possible that South's clubs did not include the Jack, when a fifth club might need to be made good by ruffing. This risk might not be very great, but it was certainly higher than a 5-0 trump break, a mere 4 per cent chance.

Yet, having decided on spades, South in some senses was lucky. If it had been West who held all the trumps, there would have been no hope at all. Even as it was, East had to hold at least three diamonds and three clubs to afford any chance of success. Anyway, South exploited his chances to good effect. Having won the Diamond Ten lead with his King, he learnt the bad news at trick two on leading a trump to North's King. Two top diamonds from dummy followed and two hearts were pitched from hand. Heart Ace and Club King were followed by a ruff of dummy's second heart. Both Ace and Queen of Clubs mercifully stood up and the fourth diamond from dummy found East, with four trumps to the Ten, having to ruff ahead of South with Ace Nine doubleton. Three trumps

remained in dummy and South, who had already made one trick, could now take four more.

The South player on the second hand was also lucky in a paradoxical way, for if West had held one trump fewer against him, he would probably have lost one trick in each suit at his Four Heart contract. As things were he ought to have won through but, relieved at being able to escape for one down only, he did no better than that.

♠ AK76 Dealer North  
♥ 4 Game All  
♦ KQ54  
♣ J964

♠ 109  
♥ J8763  
♦ A63  
♣ AQ7

♠ Q843  
♥ 10  
♦ J98  
♣ K8532

♠ J52  
♥ AKQ952  
♦ 1072  
♣ 10

East-West just passed until West doubled the final contract.

North 1♦ 1♠ 3♣ 3NT  
South 1♥ 2♣ 3♥ 4♥

South's Two Club bid was the all-purpose "forcing fourth-suit" that requested North to describe his hand more fully. North possibly should have passed Three Hearts, but he ploughed on, as players will. South did not fancy no-trumps with a marked singleton heart with North, and West did not fancy either the soundness of his opponents' bidding or their chances of success.

Dummy won the spade lead and South took two top trumps. West ducked a diamond lead to dummy, from which a club was led to the Ten and Queen. A second spade from West was won in dummy and a club was ruffed by South. A second diamond from South was won by the Ace from West, who exited with a third diamond to dummy's Queen. South's losing spade was now pitched on dummy's fourth diamond, but West ruffed, then led Club Ace for South to ruff and still had to make his Jack of trumps.

So far as the play of this hand was concerned, declarer had really lost his grip of affairs. West's hand could be exactly counted for what it was when he made no attempt to cash a winning spade after taking his Ace of Diamonds. Accordingly, South when in dummy with the third diamond should have ruffed its third club in hand and then exited with his losing spade. West, with nothing but trumps, has to ruff what would have been his partner's winning trick and then lead away from his Jack into South's Queen Nine ○



# LISTINGS

THE ILN'S SELECTIVE GUIDE TO THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT

## ILN ratings

★★ Highly recommended

★ Good of its kind

## THEATRE

Where applicable, a special telephone number is given for credit card bookings. The address & telephone number of each theatre are given only on the first occasion it appears in each section. Opening dates where given are first nights. Reduced price previews are usually held.

### The American Clock

Arthur Miller's episodic study of the American Depression is directed by Peter Wood (& acted by his versatile company) as an imaginatively designed mosaic. Cottesloe, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc).

### ★ Annie Get Your Gun

Annie Oakley, crack shot of the Buffalo Bill show, deserves this tribute in a musical that has, perhaps, more celebrated songs than any of the last 50 years except *Oklahoma!* Irving Berlin, the composer, was at his apogee in such numbers as "There's No Business Like Show Business" & "I Got the Sun in the Morning" & he has now, in David Gilmore's revival from Chichester, such an engaging singer & comedienne as Suzi Quatro to do him justice. This is the best musical in a West End that is full of them. Aldwych, Aldwych WC2 (836 6404, cc 741 9999).

### Arms & the Man

Sarah Woodward, Brian Deacon, Bernard Bresslaw and Diane Fletcher in Bernard Shaw's satire on love & war. Until Sept 6. Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park, NW1 (486 2431, cc 379 6433).

### ★ Brighton Beach Memoirs

Neil Simon's entirely sympathetic family comedy set in Brooklyn is acted with attractive authenticity by Frances de la Tour, Harry Towb & Steven Mackintosh. Lyttelton, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc).

### Cabaret

This is an unexciting revival, after 18 years, of a musical that needs something more. The piece has a libretto based on a van Druten play & the Isherwood stories—the place is Berlin 1930 at the sinister advent of the Nazis—with John Kander's music. The company is led by Wayne Sleep & Kelly Hunter, & the direction & choreography (the dancing is emphasized) are by Gillian Lynne. Strand, Aldwych, WC2 (836 2660, cc 836 5190).

### ★ La Cage aux Folles

Based on a homosexual & transvestite farce set on the French Riviera, this is an amusingly frivolous entertainment; score & lyrics are by Jerry Herman & libretto by Harvey Fierstein. Denis Quilley & George Hearn have the technique to carry it through. London Palladium, Argyll St, W1 (437 7373, cc).

### Cats

Although T. S. Eliot's cat poems are not



**T**he Alien is back, this time with an army. In *Aliens*, Sigourney Weaver resumes her role as survivor of the spaceship Nostromo. Here she protects Newt (Carrie Henn), member of an invaded earth colony.

among his masterpieces, Andrew Lloyd Webber uses them with craft as the basis of a musical that goes on prowling. New London, Drury Lane, WC2 (405 0072, cc 379 6433).

### Charlie Girl

A musical that had an unexpectedly long run some years ago is now revived, with Paul Nicholas, Cyd Charisse & Dora Bryan in its cast. Victoria Palace, Victoria St, SW1 (834 1317, cc).

### ★ Chess

Librettist Tim Rice & Swedish composers Benny Andersson & Björn Ulvaeus have put together an often laudable spectacular show, imaginatively directed by Trevor Nunn. The chess game is a metaphor for political infighting between Russia & America. Elaine Paige & Tommy Korberg sing with concentrated force. Prince Edward, Old Compton St, W1 (437 6877, cc 439 8499).

### ★ ★ A Chorus of Disapproval

One of Alan Ayckbourn's best plays with its story of an amateur *Beggar's Opera* suffering off-stage & on-stage complications. Performances entirely in key by Colin Blakely as the ebullient Welsh director & Jim Norton as the

innocent who, to his surprise, goes too far. Ayckbourn directs. Lyric, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (437 3686, cc). REVIEWED SEPT, 1985.

### Circe & Bravo

Verbosely self-indulgent play by Donald Freed, with Faye Dunaway in full cry as a First Lady under house arrest at Camp David for her way with nuclear secrets, & Stephen Jenn as her Secret Service guard. Harold Pinter directs. Until Sept 27. Wyndham's, Charing Cross Rd, WC2 (836 3028, cc 379 6565).

### ★ The Cocktail Party

Alec McCowen, Sheila Gish & Simon Ward in John Dexter's new production of T. S. Eliot's 1949 drawing-room comedy. Phoenix, Charing Cross Rd, WC2 (836 2294, cc 741 9999). REVIEW ON P57.

### ★ Dalliance

Peter Wood has directed Tom Stoppard's version of Schnitzler's *Liebelei* with the subtlest shading. Stephen Moore is the amiably faithless but doomed young medical student with whom Brenda Blethyn's Christine mistakenly falls in love. Admirable performances by Tim Curry, Sally Dexter & Michael Bryant. Lyttelton. REVIEWED JULY, 1986.

### The Danton Affair

Originally a vast play by Stanislaw Przybyzewska, a Polish writer, this English version now provided by Pam Gems seldom moves into anything markedly theatrical. Ian McDiarmid, as Robespierre, has the most rewarding part; Brian Cox is rather less suited to Danton. Barbican, Silk St, EC2 (628 8795, 638 8891, cc).

### Deadly Nightcap

Writer Francis Durbridge knows about thrillers, but this one is too artificial. However its cast, headed by Nyree Dawn Porter & directed by Val May, never flinches in the task of exposition. Westminster, Palace St, SW1 (834 0283, cc 834 0048).

### Double Double

Rula Lenska & Keith Drinkel in this two-handed thriller—written by Eric Ellice & Roger Rees—which defies judgment & reason. Fortune, Russell St, WC2 (836 2238, cc).

### Every Man in his Humour

Ben Jonson's seldom-revived comedy, directed delightfully by John Caird, with Pete Postlethwaite as Captain Bobadill & Henry Goodman as Kiteley. Swan, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwicks (0789 295623, cc).

### ★ 42nd Street

An American showbusiness musical that is an admirable example of high-geared professionalism. Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, WC2 (836 8108, cc). REVIEWED OCT, 1984.

### A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum

Frankie Howerd takes the role he created in 1963 of the Roman serf trying to win his freedom in the bawdy farce by Burt Shevelove & Larry Gelbart; music & lyrics by Stephen Sondheim. Until Sept 27. Chichester Festival Theatre, W Sussex (0243 781312, cc).

### ★ ★ I'm Not Rappaport

Magnificent character performance from Paul Scofield as an elderly Jew recounting an inventive version of his life history to another man on a Central Park bench in Herb Gardner's American comedy. Apollo, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (437 2663, cc). REVIEWED AUG, 1986.

### Jacobowsky & the Colonel

It is imaginative of the National Theatre to revive S. N. Behrman's play—it is his though Frank Werfel is also credited—about an escape through France in the desperate summer of 1940. Nigel Hawthorne & Geoffrey Hutchings are excellently contrasted as the unexpected companions, the arrogant Polish Colonel & the unflurried Jewish accountant. Jonathan Lynn has directed with zest & subtlety. Olivier, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc).

### ★ Lend Me a Tenor

American dramatist Ken Ludwig has an eye & ear for cheerful nonsense. Denis Lawson is a triumphant stand-in in a production of Verdi's *Otello*, & Ronald Holgate is the star who is not in time for the performance. Globe, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (437 1592, cc).

### ★ Les Liaisons Dangereuses

Christopher Hampton has devised ➡





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## THEATRE continued

from Choderlos de Laclos's epistolary novel a play subtly sustained, with performances of comparable style. Lindsay Duncan & Alan Rickman are the two late 18th-century aristocrats engaged evilly in the art of seduction. The Pit, Barbican.

### Long Day's Journey Into Night

Theatrically, this can be a long evening's journey; it is Eugene O'Neill's record of a summer day in 1912 of bitter family recriminations suggested by his own youth. An abrasively uninspiring piece, it now has a professional performance by an American cast headed by Jack Lemmon. Directed by Jonathan Miller. Until Oct 4. Theatre Royal, Haymarket, SW1 (930 9832, cc).

### ★ Me & My Girl

The Lambeth Walk & other tunes return cheerfully with Enn Reitel in Lupino Lane's part, & so inventive a comedian as Frank Thornton to join him. Adelphi, Strand, WC2 (836 7611, cc 836 7358). REVIEWED APR, 1985.

### ★ Mephisto

Klaus Mann's theatrical novel comes formidably to the stage in its evocation of the tragic rise of the Nazis. Alan Rickman leads a fine cast; but the honours are for the RSC director, Adrian Noble, & his unflinching, imaginative control. Until Sept 27. Barbican.

### The Merry Wives of Windsor

Falstaff (Peter Jeffrey) & friends in the manner & costume of the 1950s may be an acquired taste; nevertheless the director (Bill Alexander) & cast are entirely professional about it. Barbican. REVIEWED MAY, 1985.

### A Midsummer Night's Dream

Some disappointing speaking in Bill Alexander's inventive modern-dress production. Romantics & Mechanicals are acted with vigour; Janet McTeer doubles a shrewish Titania with Hippolyta. Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwicks (0789 295623, cc).

### ★ Les Misérables

This French-derived music-drama depends less upon its music than upon Victor Hugo's people & a spectacular RSC production by Trevor Nunn & John Caird. Palace, Shaftesbury Ave, WC2 (437 6834, cc 437 8327).

### The Mousetrap

Agatha Christie's thriller, after 33 years, seems to be as much a part of London as Nelson's Column. St Martin's, West St, WC2 (836 1443, cc 379 6433).

### Neptide

This play by Sarah Daniels, which has 26 characters (19 players), is a whole-hearted feminist narrative, with a great deal about lesbianism, that grows steadily less plausible after a promising start. Jessica Turner acts strongly the exasperating heroine. Cottesloe.

### No Sex Please, We're British

With a title that when the play opened 16 years ago seemed inspired, this is the *Mousetrap* of farce. Its director, Allan Davis, keeps it fresh. Duchess Theatre, Catherine St, WC2 (836 8243, cc).

### ★ Noises Off

Michael Frayn's irresistibly relishing farce about a touring company, may deter potential actors & actresses: possibly good news for Equity. Savoy, Strand, WC2 (836 8888, cc 379 6219). REVIEWED APR, 1982.

### Ourselves Alone

New play by Anne Devlin, performed by the English Stage Company. Opens Aug 27. Royal Court, Sloane Sq, SW1 (730 1745, cc).

### The Petition

John Mills & Rosemary Harris in a new play by Brian Clark about a 50-year marriage that has survived against the odds. Peter Hall directs. Until Sept 9. Lyttelton. REVIEW ON P57.

### Romeo & Juliet

In Michael Bogdanov's revival, set in 1986 Verona, Niamh Cusack does suggest Juliet's passion, though Romeo (Sean Bean) is more self-conscious & Mercutio (Michael Kitchen) has a luckless time with the Queen Mab speech. Not really a night to recall with pleasure. Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon.

### Romeo & Juliet

Kenneth Branagh plays Romeo in this production for which he also directs his own company. Until Sept 6. Lyric Hammersmith, King St, W6 (741 2311, cc).

### ★ The Rover

Aphra Behn's Restoration comedy of rushing nonsense, which its director, John Barton, has transplanted to a Spanish Caribbean colony during a carnival, is now redoubtably at home on the newest Stratford stage. Jeremy Irons & Imogen Stubbs are especially well cast. Swan, Stratford-upon-Avon.

### Starlight Express

If you have ever played at trains, you will probably like this—otherwise not. Andrew Lloyd Webber has written it, Trevor Nunn directs, & the cast wears roller-skates. Apollo Victoria, Wilton Rd, SW1 (828 8665, cc 630 6262). REVIEWED MAY, 1984.

### The Threepenny Opera

Even so inventive a director as Peter Wood cannot prevent this revival of the Brecht-Weill view of *The Beggar's Opera* from appearing curiously empty. Weill's music has to fight with Brecht's thoroughly dismal libretto, something with which Tim Curry (Mack the Knife), Stephen Moore & Sara Kestelman cannot do very much. Olivier.

### Time

This ambitious musical, like a noisy course in engineering & electronics, is a mixture of the extravagant & the naïve. Cliff Richard sings; Lord Olivier is represented by a three-dimensional image & his recorded voice. Dominion, Tottenham Court Rd, W1 (636 8538, cc 836 2428).

### ★★ Two Noble Kinsmen

Barry Kyle has used the intimacy of the Jacobean "promontory" stage for an uncommon restoration of this Shakespeare-Fletcher rarity. Gerard Murphy & Hugh Quarshie lead the cast. Swan, Stratford-upon-Avon.

### ★★ When We Are Married

An astonishingly expert cast for Ronald Eyre's revival of Priestley's comedy; a precise & extremely funny picture of legendary regional life. Whitehall, Whitehall, SW1 (930 7765, cc). REVIEWED MAY, 1986.

### ★ The Winter's Tale

An unaffected production, in both Sicilia & Bohemia, with Jeremy Irons conveying the pointless jealousy of Leontes & Penny Downie doubling, without difficulty, the roles of Hermione & Perdita. Terry Hands directs. Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon. REVIEWED JUNE, 1986.

### ★ Wonderful Town!

The revival of an amiable & often lively American musical—score by Leonard Bernstein—depends upon the sustained comic vitality of Maureen Lipman as one of the Ohio girls in New York, & upon Emily Morgan's charm as her sister. Queen's, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (734 1166, cc).

## FIRST NIGHTS

### Ask for the Moon

Brenda Bruce & Mona Hammond in a play about lacemakers, by Shirley Gee. Opens Sept 17. Hampstead, Swiss Cottage Centre, NW3 (722 9301).

### The Bay at Nice/Wrecked Eggs

Double bill of plays written & directed by David Hare. The first, set in Leningrad in 1956, is about attempts to authenticate a suspect painting & features Irene Worth; the second watches the lives of three present-day Americans slipping out of control. Opens Sept 9. Cottesloe, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc).

### The Fair Maid of the West

Thomas Heywood's 17th-century comedy, directed by Trevor Nunn, follows the adventures of a Plymouth barmaid (played by Imelda Staunton) who becomes the captain of a pirate ship. Opens Sept 23. Swan, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwicks (0789 295623, cc).

### The House of Bernarda Alba

Glenda Jackson, Joan Plowright & Patricia Hayes head the cast in a new translation by David MacDonald of García Lorca's play about family honour in Spain in the 1930s. It is directed by the Spanish actress Nuria Espert. Sept 8-Oct 25. Lyric Hammersmith, King St, W6 (741 2311, cc). SEE HIGHLIGHTS P10.

### The Magistrate

Nigel Hawthorne plays the title role in Pinero's 19th-century farce about the perils & pitfalls that follow when a lady lies about her age. Opens Sept 24. Lyttelton, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc).

### The Maintenance Man

John Alderton, Gwen Taylor & Susan Penhaligon in a new comedy by Richard Harris. Opens Sept 1. Comedy Theatre, Panton St, SW1 (930 2578/1972 cc).

### Richard II

Jeremy Irons plays the king, with Michael Kitchen as Bolingbroke, in Barry Kyle's new production. Opens Sept 10. Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwicks (0789 295623, cc).

### Rookery Nook

Revival of Ben Travers's classic farce starring Tom Courtenay, Ian Ogilvy, Peggy Mount & Lionel Jeffries. Opens Sept 2, Shaftesbury Theatre, Shaftesbury Ave, WC2 (379 5399, cc 741 9999).

### Woman in Mind

Alan Ayckbourn's new play about a woman wishing to escape into a fantasy life, played by Julia McKenzie. Opens Sept 3. Vaudeville, Strand, WC2 (836 9987, cc 836 5645).

### Worlds Apart

British première of a Cuban play by José Triana in a new adaptation by Peter Whelan. Opens Sept 11. The Other Place, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwicks (0789 295623, cc).

## CINEMA

The following films are expected to be showing in London or on general release at some time during the month. Programmes are often changed at short notice. Consult a local or daily newspaper for exact location & times.

### ★★ Aliens

Edgy, compelling screenwriting & direction by James Cameron makes this Pinewood-made sequel to Ridley Scott's famous 1979 film even better. Although 137 minutes long there is no time to look at one's watch. Opens Aug 29. Odeon, Marble Arch, W1 (723 2011);



Odeon, Leicester Sq, WC2 (930 6111, cc 839 1929).

#### At Close Range (15)

Set in Pennsylvania (although filmed in Tennessee), James Foley's dark film from a Nicholas Kazan screenplay deals with a low-life family of criminals. The son, Sean Penn, mindlessly emulates his hoodlum father, Christopher Walken, until he discovers the extent of his evil. Opens Sept 12. Prince Charles, Leicester Pl, WC2 (437 8181); Cannons, Oxford St, W1 (636 0310), Piccadilly, W1 (437 3561).

#### Betty Blue (18)

The third film by Jean-Jacques Beineix, who started so promisingly with *Diva*, disappoints. He adapted it from a novel by Philippe Dijan & cast little-known Béatrice Dalle & Jean-Hugues Anglade as lovers. We know they are doomed from the start but it takes a long time to get there. Opens Sept 12. Screen on the Hill, 203 Haverstock Hill, NW3 (435 3366, cc); Gate, Notting Hill Gate, W11 (221 0220); Cannon Tottenham Court Rd, W1 (636 6148).

#### Captive (18)

The screenwriter Paul Mayersberg makes his directorial début with his own story in which Irina Brook plays a reclusive rich girl who is kidnapped, subjected to sensory deprivation & torture, & subverted by her captors to their obscure cause. The Patty Hearst experience is a springboard for an exercise in dark symbolism, but too heavy a hand gets the better of the film. Opens Sept 19. Cannons, Haymarket, SW1 (839 1527), Tottenham Court Rd; ABC, Fulham Rd, SW10 (370 2636, cc 373 6990).

#### ★The Color Purple (15)

Whoopi Goldberg heads a remarkable cast in Steven Spielberg's moving film about black women & their struggle against male oppression in the Deep South. REVIEWED JULY, 1986.

**The Decline of the American Empire (18)** Satirical comedy, written & directed by Denys Arcand, about Montreal university academics. It won the International Critics' Award at Cannes. Opens Sept 12. Chelsea Cinema, King's Rd, SW3 (351 3742, cc); Renoir, Brunswick Sq, WC1 (837 8402, cc).

#### Eleni (PG)

The two stars of the film never meet. John Malkovich, as an impatient, short-fused *New York Times* writer returns to Greece to discover the circumstances of his mother's death when he was a child & she was executed as a political prisoner in 1948. Kate Nelligan is strong & intelligent as the mother, but the film, directed by Peter Yates, while maintaining two simultaneous narrative threads, loses its focus. From Nicholas Gage's autobiographical account. Opens Sept 26. Cannon, Haymarket.

#### ★F/X Murder By Illusion (15)

Bryan Brown is a Hollywood stuntman asked by a Justice Department official to fake a gangland killing in order that a Mafia boss can "disappear" after testifying, & then finds that he himself is a target for real elimination. Robert Mandel's thriller, with extensive special effects (FX) by John Stears, is intriguing, with Brian Dennehy on form as a disillusioned cop. Opens Sept 19. Leicester Sq Theatre, WC2 (930 5252, cc 839 1759).

#### ★The Good Father (15)

Clapham-based film by Mike Newell, with Anthony Hopkins, Frances Viner & Simon Callow in the cast. Opens Sept 26. Renoir; Metro, Rupert St, W1 (437 0757); Screen at

the Electric, 191 Portobello Rd, W11 (229 3694). REVIEW ON P58.

#### ★★Hannah & Her Sisters (15)

Woody Allen's richly-layered picture about family relationships uses a fine ensemble cast, working in perfect accord. Not to be missed. REVIEWED JULY, 1986.

#### Highlander (15)

Christopher Lambert plays a 16th-century Scot, victim of a curse that compels him to battle with the same villain for three centuries. The film is loud, silly & dramatically photographed. Even the presence of Sean Connery cannot lift it. Opens Aug 29.

#### Miracles (PG)

Tom Conti & Teri Garr are a freshly-divorced yuppie couple hijacked from Manhattan by two comic bank robbers & dumped, still in evening clothes, in a Mexican desert. Jim Kouf's comedy thriller lacks both plausibility & invention. Opens Sept 5. Cannons, Panton St, SW1 (930 0631), Oxford St.

#### ★Mona Lisa (15)

Bob Hoskins in his Cannes award-winning role as a cockney crook who falls in love with a beautiful prostitute (Cathy Tyson). Opens Sept 5. Odeon, Haymarket, SW1 (930 2738, cc). REVIEW ON P58.

#### Poltergeist II (15)

British director Brian Gibson was in charge of this sequel, with the tormented family still suffering from malevolent spirits dogging their lives as they recover from the first film. The usual macabre special effects are much to the fore, plus most of the same long-suffering cast. Opens Sept 19. Empire, Leicester Sq, WC2 (437 1234).

#### Rebel (15)

Michael Jenkins directs a musical romantic drama, set in Sydney in 1942, with Matt Dillon as a US serviceman stationed there. The film is based on the play *No Names, No Pack Drill*. Opens Sept 19. Cannons, Panton St, Tottenham Court Rd; ABC Bayswater, 89 Bishops Bridge Rd, W2 (229 4149).

#### ★★Rosa Luxemburg (PG)

Margarethe Von Trotta's exceptional film, set against the background of the early years of European socialism, is a sombre & impressive work with a great performance by Barbara Sukowa as the Polish-German revolutionary. Opens Aug 29. Lumiere, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (836 0691, cc). REVIEWED AUG, 1986.

#### Sweet Liberty (PG)

A film crew descends on a nice old eastern town to make a film based on a local professor's best seller about the American Revolution. He is Alan Alda, who also directs. The director in the film wants to make a comedy to please the high school kids, the professor objects, & seeks to enlist the stars Michelle Pfeiffer & Michael Caine in his cause, in league with the put-upon screenwriter, Bob Hoskins. There are some acceptable jokes at the expense of the film industry. Opens Sept 5. Plaza, Lower Regent St, SW1 (437 1234).

#### Trouble in Mind (15)

Kris Kristofferson, Keith Carradine & Geneviève Bujold in Alan Rudolph's film set in the underworld of Seattle. Opens Sept 19. Cannon, Oxford St; ABC, Fulham Rd.

#### Certificates

U = unrestricted.

PG = passed for general exhibition but parents are advised that the film contains material that they might prefer younger children not to see.

15 = no admittance under 15 years.

18 = no admittance under 18 years.

## MUSIC

#### ALBERT HALL

Kensington Gore, SW7 (589 8212, cc 589 9465).

Henry Wood Promenade Concerts. Until Sept 13.

**Toronto Symphony.** Andrew Davis, the orchestra's music director, conducts Mozart's Piano Concerto No 25, with Louis Lortie, the Canadian prizewinner in the 1984 Leeds International Piano Competition, as soloist, & Mahler's Symphony No 9. Sept 1, 7.30pm.

**London Symphony Orchestra & Chorus.** Claudio Abbado conducts Brahms's Piano Concerto No 1, with Alfred Brendel as soloist, Debussy's Nocturnes & Bartok's suite *The Miraculous Mandarin*. Sept 2, 7.30pm.

**Thomas Trotter,** organ. Liszt's symphonic poem *Prometheus*, transcribed by the French organist Jean Guillou, & Widor's Organ Symphony No 6. Sept 4, 6.30pm.

**BBC Symphony Orchestra, Edinburgh Festival Chorus.** Marek Janowski conducts Verdi's Four Sacred Pieces & Mahler's Symphony No 5. Sept 7, 7.30pm.

**Bavarian Radio Symphony Orchestra.** Two concerts under the baton of Colin Davis, the orchestra's chief conductor. Stravinsky's Symphony in Three Movements & Beethoven's Symphony No 3 (Eroica), Sept 8; Symphony No 6 by the contemporary German composer Karl Amadeus Hartmann & Bruckner's Symphony No 7, Sept 9; 7.30pm.

**BBC Symphony Orchestra.** Raymond Leppard conducts works by Berlioz, songs by Duparc, with Felicity Lott, soprano, & Brahms's Symphony No 1. Sept 10, 7.30pm.

**London Philharmonic Orchestra, BBC Singers, London Voices, Welsh National Opera Chorus.** Georg Solti conducts the traditional penultimate night performance of Beethoven's Choral Symphony, with all professional singers for the choral finale. Sept 12, 7.30pm.

**BBC Symphony Orchestra & Chorus.** Raymond Leppard conducts an all-Puccini first half to the last night of the Proms, the Preludio sinfonico & Messa di Gloria, before taking charge of the traditional junketings in Elgar, Wood & Parry. Sept 13, 7.30pm.

**Wren Orchestra of London.** Vilem Tausky conducts a programme of Viennese music with Marisa Robles, harp, & William Bennett, flute, in aid of the Malcolm Sargent Cancer Fund for Children. Sept 14, 7.30pm.

**BBC Symphony Orchestra, London Sinfonietta, BBC Symphony Chorus, London Philharmonic Choir, Westminster Cathedral Boys' Choir.** John Pritchard & David Atherton conduct Britten's War Requiem in a special Prom performance. Sept 28, 7.30pm.

**BARBICAN.** Silk St, EC2 (638 8891, 628 8795, cc).

**English Concert Orchestra & Chorus.** Trevor Pinnock directs Haydn's Symphony No 6 & Nelson Mass, & Mozart's Exsultate, jubilate, with Felicity Lott, soprano, Carolyn Watkinson, mezzo-soprano, Maldwyn Davies, tenor, David Wilson-Johnson, bass. Sept 5, 7.45pm.

**Vladimir Ashkenazy,** piano, **Lyn Harrell,** cello. Beethoven's Cello Sonatas Nos 1, 2 & 5. Sept 11, 7.45pm.

**London Concert Orchestra & Chorus.** Valerie Masterson, soprano, & Stuart Burrows, tenor, are the soloists in excerpts

from operas by Donizetti, Gounod, Puccini & Verdi. Sept 14, 7.30pm.

**BBC Young Musicians of the Year.** Antony Neal, trombone, Fiona Howes, flute, Anna Markland, piano, are the soloists in Albrechtsberger's Trombone Concerto, Mozart's Flute Concerto in G & Mozart's Piano Concerto No 23, with the Vivaldi Concertante. Sept 17, 7.45pm.

**London Symphony Orchestra.** Rafael Frühbeck de Burgos conducts two concerts. Beethoven's Piano Concerto No 3, with Jon Kimura Parker as soloist, & Berlioz's Symphonie Fantastique, Sept 18; Beethoven's Piano Concerto No 4, with Claudio Arrau as soloist, Debussy's Trois Nocturnes & Stravinsky's Firebird Suite (1919 version), Sept 20; 7.45pm.

**Royal Philharmonic Orchestra.** Yuri Temirkanov conducts Sibelius's Violin Concerto, with Nigel Kennedy as soloist, & Dvořák's Symphony No 8. Sept 19, 7.45pm.

**London Symphony Orchestra and Chorus.** Richard Hickox conducts Kodaly's Psalmus Hungaricus & Rossini's Stabat Mater, with Rosalind Plowright, soprano, Kathleen Kuhlmann, mezzo-soprano, David Rendall, tenor, John Tomlinson, bass. Sept 23, 7.45pm.

**London Symphony Orchestra.** To commemorate the 80th anniversary of the birth of Dmitri Shostakovich, his son Maxim Shostakovich conducts a concert of his music including the Cello Concerto No 1, with Lynn Harrell as soloist. Sept 25, 7.45pm.

**London Symphony Orchestra and Chorus.** Colin Davis conducts Beethoven's Emperor Concerto, with Claudio Arrau as soloist, & Ravel's Daphnis et Chloë. Sept 28, 7.45pm.

#### CHAUCER THEATRE

Conference Forum, Sedgwick Centre, E1 (340 8321 x28).

**London Jupiter Orchestra.** Gregory Rose conducts the inaugural concert of his new East End-based orchestra. John Lill is the soloist in Beethoven's Piano Concerto No 1, which is followed by Roussel's Concerto for Small Orchestra & Mozart's Jupiter Symphony. Sept 17, 6.45pm.

#### FESTIVAL HALL

South Bank Centre, SE1 (928 3191, cc 928 8800).

**Israel Philharmonic Orchestra.** Leonard Bernstein conducts the European première of his Jubilee Games, followed by Dvořák's New World Symphony. Sept 16, 7.30pm.

**King of Instruments.** Lionel Rogg from Geneva launches the new series of early evening organ recitals with works by Marchand, Bach, Liszt & Reger, Sept 17; Hans Gebhard from Hamburg plays Mozart, Schumann & Reger, Sept 24; 5.55pm.

**London Mozart Players.** Jane Glover conducts symphonies by Haydn & Mozart, Robert Saxton's The Ring of Eternity & Mozart's Piano Concerto in C K 467, with Rafael Orozco as soloist. Sept 17, 7.30pm.

**London Philharmonic Orchestra.** Three all-Beethoven programmes under Klaus Tennstedt, with Maurizio Pollini as soloist in the Emperor Concerto in the first two, followed by Symphony No 3, Sept 18; Symphony No 7, Sept 21, 7.30pm. Peter Donohoe is the soloist in the Piano Concerto No 2, which is followed by Symphony No 3, Sept 28, 3.15pm.

**Academy of St Martin-in-the-Fields, & Academy Chorus.** Neville Marriner ➤➤➤





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## MUSIC continued

conducts Tippett's *A Child of Our Time*, preceded by the *Fantasia concertante* on a theme of Corelli. Sept 23, 7.30pm.

**Philharmonia Orchestra.** Giuseppe Sinopoli conducts two concerts. Mahler's Symphony No. 6, Sept 24; an all-Beethoven programme, with Shlomo Mintz as soloist in the Violin Concerto, Sept 28; 7.30pm.

**London Sinfonietta.** The orchestra, under David Atherton, open their Britten & Tippett Festival, which continues until the end of the year. The first concert includes Britten's *Nocturne*, & Tippett's Symphony No 1 & Concerto for Orchestra. Sept 25, 7.30pm.

**Royal Philharmonic Orchestra.** Two concerts under André Previn. Viktoria Mullova is the soloist in Tchaikovsky's Violin Concerto, which is followed by Rachmaninov's Symphony No 2, Sept 26; Emanuel Ax is the soloist in Beethoven's Piano Concerto No 3, which is followed by Brahms's Symphony No 4, Sept 30; 7.30pm.

### QUEEN ELIZABETH HALL

South Bank Centre, SE1 (928 3191, cc 928 8800).

**Academy of Ancient Music.** Christopher Hogwood directs an all-Bach programme, including the *Coffee & Peasant Cantatas*. Sept 12, 7.45pm.

**Moura Lympany,** piano. Schumann, Ravel, Debussy, Rachmaninov. Sept 14, 7.15pm. SEE HIGHLIGHTS P7.

**Orchestra of St John's Smith Square.** John Lubbock conducts the first London performance of Maw's *Sonata Notturna*, & works by Mozart & Tchaikovsky. Sept 18, 7.45pm.

**London Brass.** An adventurous programme which includes first performances of works by Buxton Orr, Antony Payne & Stephen Oliver. Sept 19, 7.45pm.

**English Chamber Orchestra.** Colin Davis conducts an all-Mozart concert to launch the London International Piano Competition, with Radu Lupu as soloist in the Piano Concerto in C minor K491. Sept 25, 7.45pm.

### ST GILES, CRIPPLEGATE

Fore St, Barbican, EC2.

**Sunday organ concerts.** Anne Marsden Thomas, Sept 7, 21, 28; Jonathan Rennert, Sept 14; 4pm. Free of charge, retiring collection.

### ST JOHN'S

Smith Sq, SW1 (222 1061).

**Hausmusik.** Two recitals of romantic music performed on original instruments. Weber, Hummel, Sept 14, 4pm; Rossini, Berlioz, Mendelssohn, Schubert, Spohr, Sept 14, 7.30pm.

**Robert Bridge, Jonathan Higgins,** piano duet. Lunchtime recital in the Footstool of music by Schumann, Brahms, Mendelssohn. Sept 18, 1.15pm.

**Circle.** Gregory Rose conducts contemporary music by Grant, Sutton-Anderson, Macmillan, Mills, Van Zandt, Alvarez, including many first performances. Sept 26, 7.30pm.

**English Baroque Soloists.** John Eliot Gardiner conducts an all-Mozart programme, with Malcolm Bilson, fortepiano. Sept 29, 7.30pm.

### ST MARTIN-IN-THE-FIELDS

Trafalgar Sq, WC2.

**Lunchtime concerts** every Mon & Tues at 1.05pm. Admission free; leaving collection.

### WIGMORE HALL

36 Wigmore St, W1 (935 2141, cc).

**Gwyneth Jones,** soprano, **Geoffrey Par-**

**sons,** piano. The season opens with the first of a new series devoted to late Romantics: Austria & Germany. Wagner's *Wesendonk Lieder*, Berg's *Seven Early Songs*, & songs by Schubert & Strauss. Sept 11, 7.30pm.

**Peter Katin,** piano. Beethoven & Chopin. Sept 13, 7.30pm.

**Sunday Morning Coffee Concerts.** Serenata play Ravel, Françaix & Poulenc, Sept 14; Medici String Quartet with John Bingham, piano, play Dvořák & Elgar, Sept 21; Trevor Pinnock, harpsichord, plays Couperin, Bach, Rameau, Sept 28; 11.30am. Coffee, sherry or squash served after performance.

**Elly Ameling,** soprano, **Rudolf Jansen,** piano. Two recitals. Settings of poems by Goethe, Sept 17; Songs by Ravel & Debussy, Sept 20; 7.30pm.

**Nash Ensemble, Richard Van Allan,** bass. First of a series of Master Concerts: East of Vienna. Haydn, Denisov, Mussorgsky, Tchaikovsky. Sept 24, 7.30pm.

**Shura Cherkassky,** piano. The distinguished pianist plays Schubert, Schumann, Rachmaninov, Messiaen, Liszt. Sept 27, 7.30pm.

## OPERA

### ENGLISH NATIONAL OPERA

London Coliseum, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (836 3161, cc 240 5258).

**Il trovatore.** Kenneth Collins returns to sing the title role & Jane Eaglen sings Leonora for the first time, with Ann Howard as Azucena & Neil Howlett as di Luna. James Lockhart conducts. Aug 27/30, Sept 2, 5, 10, 12, 17, 20, 25.

**The Marriage of Figaro.** Revival of Jonathan Miller's production, conducted by Mark Elder, with John Tomlinson as Figaro, Cathryn Pope as Susanna. Jacek Strauch

makes his début as Count Almaviva & Valerie Masterson sings Countess Almaviva. Sept 3, 6, 11, 13, 16, 19, 24, 26.

**The Mikado.** New production by Jonathan Miller, designed by Stefanos Lazaridis & Sue Blane, with Richard Van Allan as Pooh-Bah, Bonaventura Bottone as Nanki-Pooh, Felicity Palmer as Katisha, Lesley Garrett as Yum-Yum. Sept 18, 23 (previews), 27.

### NEW SADLER'S WELLS OPERA

**The Mikado,** as originally produced at Sadler's Wells Theatre by Christopher Renshaw, goes on tour.

Theatre Royal, Bath (0225 65065, cc). Aug 18-23. Empire Theatre, Sunderland (0783 42517, cc). Aug 26-30. His Majesty's Theatre, Aberdeen (0224 641122, cc). Sept 2-6. Hippodrome, Birmingham (021-622 7486, cc). Sept 9-13. Alhambra Theatre, Bradford (0274 752000, cc). Sept 16-20.

### WELSH NATIONAL OPERA

Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, WC2 (240 1066/1911, cc).

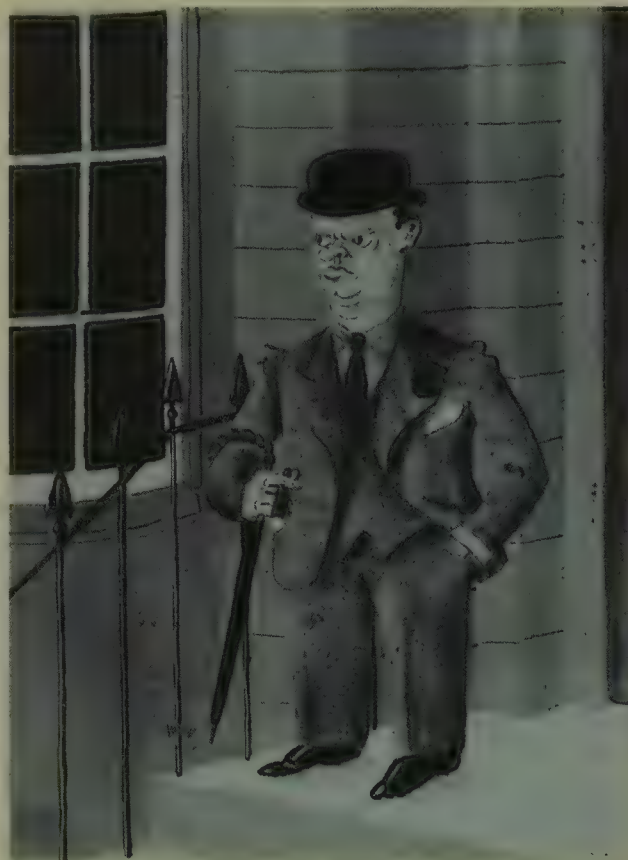
**The Ring.** The season at the Royal Opera House begins with a visit from WNO who bring their highly praised *Ring* cycle to London for one performance. It is sung in English. *The Rhinegold*, Sept 25; *The Valkyrie*, Sept 27; *Siegfried*, Sept 30; *Götterdämmerung*, Oct 2. SEE HIGHLIGHTS P14.

## BALLET

### GABY AGIS & COMPANY

Riverside Studios, Crisp Road, W6 (748 3354, cc).

**New work** featuring live music played by composer & pianist Mark Springer, with settings by the photographic artist Nick Adler. Sept 9-14.



**E**velyn Waugh by Sir Osbert Lancaster at the National Portrait Gallery. In Close-up is a display of photography, paintings and personal items about the novelist including a major oil portrait by Henry Lamb.



#### MICHAEL CLARK & COMPANY

Sadler's Wells Theatre, Rosebery Ave, EC1 (278 8916/20, cc).

**New show** by the cult figure of modern dance. Sept 17-27.

#### LONDON CONTEMPORARY DANCE THEATRE

King's Theatre, Edinburgh (031-229 1201, cc).

**Troy Game/new work** by Christopher Bannerman/new work by Robert Cohan. Sept 24,25.

**Ceremony/The Run to Earth/Troy Game.** Sept 26,27.

#### SADLER'S WELLS ROYAL BALLET

Big Top, Jesus Green, Cambridge (Box Office, Central Library, Lion Yard, Cambridge, 0223 68848/357851, cc). Sept 1-6.

Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, WC2 (240 1066/1911, cc). Sept 9-18.

**Swan Lake**, production by Peter Wright & Galina Samsova. Sept 1,2 (m & e), 3,4.

**Quadruple bill:** *Track & Field*, Susan Crow's look at athletic & sexual competition; *Caught in Time*, Graham Lustig's mysterious but intriguing exploration of a garden filled with living statues; *Checkmate*, Ninette de Valois sees the chess board set for a game between Love & Death—with Bliss's superb score & McKnight Kauffer's striking designs; *Pineapple Poll*, Cranko transforms HMS *Pinafore* for the ballet, & creates a perennial favourite. Sept 5,6 (m & e).

**The Snow Queen**, London première of Bintley's interpretation of Hans Andersen's story, set to a score by Mussorgsky, arranged by Bramwell Tovey & with designs by Terry Bartlett. Sept 9,10,19,20 (m & e), 22.

**Swan Lake.** Sept 11,12,13 (m & e), 15.

**Quadruple bill:** *Quartet*, first performance at ROH of MacMillan's plotless ballet danced to Verdi's String Quartet in E minor; *The Wand of Youth*, Corder's tribute to the doomed youth of the First World War, danced to Elgar's music; *Tchaikovsky pas de deux*, Balanchine & Tchaikovsky combine to give virtuoso opportunities; *Flowers of the Forest*, Bintley's Scottish assortment, grave & gay. Sept 16,17,18.

#### THE TOKYO BALLET

Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, WC2 (240 1066/1911, cc).

**The Kabuki**, choreography Bèjart, music Toshiro Mayuzumi—a paraphrase of the play *47 Samurais*. Sept 1-3,6 (m & e).

**Triple bill:** *Les Sylphides*, Fokine's poetic classic; *Symphony in D*, choreography Jiří Kylián danced to Haydn—a funny & lovely favourite; *Tam Tam et Percussion*, choreography Felix Blaska, music by percussionist Jean Pierre Drouet & voodoo drummer Pierre Cheriza. Sept 4,5.

SEE HIGHLIGHTS P11.

## GALLERIES

#### BARBICAN ART GALLERY

Barbican Centre, Silk St, EC2 (638 4141).

**W. Eugene Smith.** More than 500 black & white pictures by the American photo-journalist (1919-78). Until Oct 5.

#### BRITISH CRAFTS CENTRE

43 Earlham St, WC2 (836 6993).

**Guy Taplin** has enjoyed an extraordinary & deserved success with his carved birds. Based on traditional decoys, these have lost any functional aspect & evolved into animal sculptures of great elegance. Sept 5-Oct 4. Mon-Fri 10am-5.30pm, Sat 11am-5pm.

#### CAMDEN ARTS CENTRE

Arkwright Rd, NW3 (435 2643).

#### Art in Exile in Great Britain, 1933-45.

Long-overdue exhibition devoted to the German refugees from Nazism who arrived in this country as mature artists. There are a number of major names—Kokoschka, Heartfield, Schwitters, Gabo, Moholy-Nagy—but the show concentrates primarily on evoking its period & the émigré milieu. The exhibition has been seen previously in Berlin & Oberhausen. Until Oct 5. Mon-Sat 10.30am-5.30pm, Wed until 8pm, Sun 2-6pm.

#### CHRISTIE'S

8 King St, St James's, SW1 (839 9060).

**New English Art Club** centenary exhibition. A chance to see paintings from private & public collections by such artists as Roger Fry, Augustus & Gwen John, Stanley Spencer, Philip Wilson Steer & Paul Maitland. August 27-Sept 17. Mon-Fri 9am-4.45pm.

#### COMMONWEALTH INSTITUTE

Kensington High St, W8 (603 4535).

**Jamaican Intuitive Art.** Work by painters who are mostly self-taught, often showing strong influences from Rastafarianism. Until Oct 3. Mon-Sat 10am-5.30pm, Sun 2-5pm.

#### COURTAULD INSTITUTE

Woburn Sq, WC1 (580 1015).

**The Northern Landscape.** 120 Flemish, Dutch & British drawings from the Courtauld Collection—coinciding with the Dutch landscape exhibition at the National Gallery. Sept 5-Nov 30. Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2-5pm. £1.50, concessions 50p.

#### THE DESIGN COUNCIL

28 Haymarket, SW1 (839 8000).

**The Green Designer.** How industries can avoid pollution & create more jobs by going Green. Sept 10-Oct 25. Mon & Tues 10am-6pm, Wed-Sat 10am-8pm, Sun 1-6pm.

#### HAYWARD GALLERY

South Bank, SE1 (261 0127).

**Dreams of a Summer Night.** This show expands our view of Scandinavian painting with superb Nordic symbolists & expressionists, among them Hammershøi & Gallen-Kallela. Until Oct 5. REVIEWED ON P57.

£2.50; concessions & everybody all day Mon & after 6pm Tues & Wed £1.50. Mon-Wed 10am-8pm, Thurs-Sat until 6pm, Sun noon-6pm.

#### NATIONAL GALLERY

Trafalgar Sq, WC2 (839 3321).

#### Dutch Landscape: The Early Years—Haarlem & Amsterdam 1590-1650.

Dutch artists at this time were pioneers of natural landscape painting. Prints & drawings show experiments behind the final pictures. Sept 3-Nov 23. Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm. SEE HIGHLIGHTS P8.

#### NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY

St Martin's Pl, WC2 (930 1552).

#### Evelyn Waugh In Close-Up, 1903-66.

Waugh became a Catholic partly out of the conviction that only God would put up with him. This show re-creates a famously abrasive personality & includes the *Face to Face* television interview with John Freeman. Also present are items of memorabilia, including a Bow Street summons for drunkenness & a fine portrait by the Bloomsbury artist Henry Lamb. Until Jan 4, 1987. Mon-Fri 10am-5pm, Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm.

#### ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS

Burlington House, Piccadilly, W1 (734 9052).

**Je suis le Cahier: The Sketchbooks of Picasso.** Sure to enjoy a tremendous success with the public—the sketchbooks ➤➤

## Three years ago ex-surgeon Bill Woodward couldn't even wash without help.

For an athlete (he rowed for Sydney University, Oxford and England) and an orthopaedic surgeon to be left after a stroke unable to do anything for himself meant Bill

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## GALLERIES continued

of the greatest draughtsman of the 20th century. Picasso drew obsessively, & his tumultuous flood of ideas & images is here revealed more fully than ever before. It is, however, a sobering thought that there are probably no leading artists now alive who use drawing as Picasso did—as a normal means of thinking & recording. Sept 11–Nov 19. Daily. 10am–6pm. £2.50, concessions & everybody Sun until 1.45pm £1.70. SEE HIGHLIGHTS P6.

### SAATCHI GALLERY

98a Boundary Rd, NW8 (624 8299).

**Richard Serra, sculpture; Anselm Kiefer, paintings.** Gallery reopens Sept 12. Fri & Sat noon–6pm.

### TATE GALLERY

Millbank, SW1 (821 1313).

**Stephen Cox.** Once a minimalist, now producing elegant sculptures with oblique allusions to the art of the past, Cox has recently been to India for the Delhi Triennale, which gave him the opportunity to collaborate with Indian carvers. The work shown is an interesting hybrid of Indian & classical themes. Until Oct 19.

**Sol LeWitt: Prints.** The Tate is still plodding dutifully in the wake of Minimal Art. Why not, if the Saatchis believe in it? Sept 17–Nov 30. Mon–Sat 10am–5.50pm, Sun 2–5.50pm.

### WHITECHAPEL ART GALLERY

Whitechapel High St, E1 (377 0107).

**Julian Schnabel.** The harsh reception given to this American bully-boy when his work was shown at the Tate in 1982 has not discouraged the trend-obsessed Whitechapel Gallery. Sept 19–Oct 26. Tues–Sun 11am–5pm.

## MUSEUMS

### BRITISH MUSEUM

Great Russell St, WC1 (636 1555).

**Contemporary Japanese Prints: Symbols of a Society in Transition.** This fascinating show confirms the strength of contemporary Japanese printmaking, & demonstrates how successful the fusion of eastern & western traditions has been. It also shows the range of printmaking techniques available to Japanese artists & their virtuosity in using them. Sept 4–Oct 26.

Mon–Sat 10am–5pm, Sun 2.30–6pm.

### MUSEUM OF LONDON

London Wall, EC2 (600 3699).

**Capital Gains! Archaeology in London.** Review of excavations over the past 15 years. Sept 9–Feb 1, 1987. Tues–Sat 10am–6pm, Sun 2–6pm.

### VICTORIA & ALBERT MUSEUM

Cromwell Rd, SW7 (589 6371).

**Bradford International Print Biennale.** Underpublicized & underfinanced, the Print Biennale gives a broader survey of what is happening in art worldwide than any show of paintings. Although this is only a selection from the Bradford show it is still worth seeing. Until Sept 21.

Voluntary donation, suggested £2, concessions 50p. Sat–Thurs 10am–5.50pm, Sun 2.30–5.50pm.

## LECTURES

### ARTS CENTRE

98 High St, Croydon (688 8624).

**Orwell & Wells.** Bernard Crick, Orwell's biographer, lectures on the two novelists.

Sept 23, 8pm. £1, plus membership of 50p a day or £2 yearly.

**INTERNATIONAL WINE & FOOD SOCIETY** 108 Old Brompton Rd, SW7 (373 5377).

**There's No Place Like Rhône:** a chance to reassess wines of the Valley. Sept 16, Britannia Hotel, Grosvenor Sq, W1. 7pm. Members £19.50, guests £21.50.

**Chambertin in its Splendour:** Sept 22, 108 Old Brompton Rd, SW7. 7pm. Members £17, guests £18.50.

**A Taste Much Sweeter than Wine:** even honey can have a "good nose". Michael Duggan, Master Bee-keeper & National Honey Judge, gives an illustrated talk on worldwide honeys. Sept 25, 108 Old Brompton Rd, SW7. 7pm. Members £10, guests £11.50.

Membership of the Society is available at the half-yearly rates—single £8, joint £11, plus enrolment fee of £2.30. Singles under 26, £4.35, no enrolment fee.

### NATIONAL ART-COLLECTIONS FUND

20 John Islip St, SW1 (821 0404).

**Autumn lecture series** on Tuesday evenings at the Royal Geographical Society, Kens-

## BOOK NOW

**Badminton: British Airways Masters,** 24–26 Oct, Royal Albert Hall, Kensington Gore, SW7. Tickets by telephone (0908 568822 cc), or write for an application form to the National Badminton Centre, Bradwell Rd, Loughton Lodge, Milton Keynes MK8 9LA.

**English National Opera,** London Coliseum, St Martin's Lane, London WC2N 4ES. Book by post or telephone (836 3161, 240 5258 cc). *Il trovatore* (from Sept 2). *The Marriage of Figaro* (Oct 1,3). *Madam Butterfly* (from Sept 30). *The Mikado* (from Sept 18 to April, 1987). *Aida* (from Oct 10). *Cavalleria rusticana/Pagliacci*

(from Oct 29). *The Rape of Lucretia* (from Nov 6).

**London Marathon.** Members of the public wishing to run in the 1987 marathon on May 10 should pick up an application form from the Nationwide Building Society.

**Royal Opera House,** Covent Garden (240 1066, 240 1911 cc). Telephone booking from Sept 1 for *La traviata* (from Oct 28), *Jenůfa* (from Nov 17), *The Royal Ballet's The Sleeping Beauty* (from Oct 30) & *Mayerling* (from Nov 7).

**Tennis: Nabisco Wightman Cup,** Oct 30–Nov 1, Royal Albert Hall. Write or telephone (589 8212 cc).

ington Gore, SW7. Subjects include design, decoration & architecture. Gavin Stamp kicks off with *Destroying Georgian London*, Sept 30, 6.30pm. Ten lectures, members £15, non-members £20. Membership £10.

### NATIONAL GALLERY

Trafalgar Sq, WC2 (839 3321).

**30-minute talks** in front of paintings given by gallery staff: *The Balbi Children* by Van Dyck, talk by Sir Michael Levey, Sept 3; *The Ambassadors* by Holbein, Sept 10; *Psyche showing her gifts from Cupid* by Fragonard, Sept 17; *A Family Group in a Landscape* by Frans Hals, Sept 24. All at 6.30pm.

### NATIONAL THEATRE

South Bank, SE1 (928 2033).

**Jacobowsky & the Colonel.** Platform lecture by Hamish Ritchie, Professor of German at the University of Sheffield. Olivier, Sept 19, 5.45pm. £2.

**Discussion on Jacobowsky & the Colonel.** The director, Jonathan Lynn, talks with the audience. Sept 20, 10.30am. £2.

**Tony Harrison** reads from his new book *Dramatic Verse 1973–85* (Penguin). Cottesloe, Sept 24, 6pm. £2.

### VICTORIA & ALBERT MUSEUM

Cromwell Rd, SW7 (589 6371).

**The Artist Abroad.** *Gustave Doré & the East*

*End of London*, Sept 7; *Lutyens & New Delhi*, Sept 14; *Hockney in Los Angeles & Kitaj in Britain*, Sept 21; *De Louthembourg in Derbyshire*, Sept 28. All at 3.30pm.

## SALEROOMS

### BONHAMS

Montpelier St, SW7 (584 9161).

**Children Through the Artist's Eye.** A sale of paintings of children to coincide with Unicef's World Children's Week. Mostly 19th-century pictures ranging from £150 to £5,000. Sept 18, 6pm.

**British Maritime Charity Auction,** to be held at Fishmongers' Hall, London Bridge, EC4. With donations from the Queen Mother, the King of Norway & the Duke of Westminster, there are many exceptional & unusual items—a shipwright's half-model of *Kriter Lady*, a midshipman's dirk & a model of *Kon-Tiki*. Sept 24, 6pm.

### CHRISTIE'S

8 King St, St James's, SW1 (839 9060).

**19th Century.** The major item is a copper-electrotype bust of Eliza Macloghlin by Sir Alfred Gilbert (estimate: £10,000–£15,000). Also English furniture. Sept 25, 11am.

**20th-Century Decorative Arts.** The pieces of a 1930s interior designed by Heal & Son

(from Oct 29). *The Rape of Lucretia* (from Nov 6).

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**Tennis: Nabisco Wightman Cup,** Oct 30–Nov 1, Royal Albert Hall. Write or telephone (589 8212 cc).

will be sold separately. Other lots include English silverware & Continental furniture. Sept 26, 11am.

### CHRISTIE'S SOUTH KENSINGTON

85 Old Brompton Rd, SW7 (581 7611).

**Dolls.** Among unusual items is a striking Chinese figure made of alabaster, ivory, wood, Cantonese enamel & gilt bronze, c1800 (£10,000–£15,000). Sept 4, 2pm.

**Patchwork Quilts.** These antique textiles are relatively inexpensive given their beauty & the effort involved. One in this sale was started in the mid 19th century & finished in the 20th century by the original maker's great great granddaughter (£200–£300). Prices from £50. Sept 9, 2pm.

**Eastern Textiles.** Includes embroidered silk covers from China, silk robes from Japan & coats from India. Sept 23, 2pm.

### PHILLIPS

7 Blenheim St, W1 (629 6602).

**Modern British Paintings.** Three pictures to look out for are *Northern Landscape at Withypool* by Sir Alfred Munnings (£2,000–£3,000), *View from Charleston* by John Lamorna Birch (£800–£1,000), & *Four Venetian Ovals in Green, 1962*, by Patrick Heron (£700–£900). Sept 16, 11am.

### SOTHEBY'S

34/35 New Bond St, (493 8080).

**Dolls, Teddy Bears, Automata, Toys, Games & Textiles.** Good selection of German dolls & Steiff bears & pieces of needle-

work. Sept 23, 10.30am & 2.30pm.

**Wines, Spirits, Vintage Port & Collectors' Items.** Includes wines from the Domaine de la Romanée-Conti, especially 1964 vintage, original wooden cases of Sautes from the 1940s with some Château d'Yquem 1941. Sept 24, 10.30am & 2.30pm.

## SPORT

### ATHLETICS

**Peugeot Talbot Westminster Mile,** one-mile street circuit, SW1, for professionals & amateurs. Sept 7.

**McVitie's Challenge,** Crystal Palace, SE19. Sept 12.

### CRICKET

**ASDA Cricket Challenge:** Essex v Lancs, Sept 3; Hants v Yorks, Sept 4; final, Sept 5. Scarborough, N Yorks.

**NatWest Bank Trophy final,** Lord's. Sept 6. (BA = Britannic Assurance County Championship. JP = John Player Special League.)

**The Oval:** Surrey v Glos (BA) Sept 3–5; v Hants (JP), Sept 7; v Leics (BA), Sept 13, 15, 16; v Leics (JP), Sept 14.

### CROQUET

**President's Cup,** Hurlingham Club, SW6. Sept 2–6.

### EQUESTRIANISM

**Burghley Remy Martin Horse Trials,** Burghley, near Stamford, Lincs. Sept 4–7.

**Taylor Woodrow National Dressage Championships,** Goodwood, W Sussex. Sept 19, 20.

### FOOTBALL

**England v Sweden,** Stockholm. Sept 10.

### GOLF

**Panasonic European Open,** Sunningdale, Berks. Sept 11–14.

**Lawrence Batley Tournament Players' Championship,** The Belfry, Sutton Coldfield, West Midlands. Sept 18–21.

**Dunhill Cup,** St Andrews, Fife. Sept 25–28.

### HIGHLAND GAMES

**Braemar Royal Highland Gathering,** Braemar, Grampian. Sept 6.

**Pitlochry Highland Games,** Pitlochry, Tayside. Sept 13.

### HORSE RACING

**Park Hill Stakes,** Doncaster, S Yorks. Sept 10.

**Laurent Perrier Champagne Stakes,** Doncaster. Sept 12.

**Holsten Pils St Leger,** Doncaster. Sept 13.

**Queen Elizabeth II Stakes,** Ascot, Berks. Sept 27.

### ICE SKATING

**St Ivel International,** Richmond Ice Rink, Twickenham, Middx. Sept 23–26.

### MOTORCYCLE RACING

**European Road Racing Championships,** Castle Donington, Derbys. Sept 28.

### RUGBY UNION

**Scotland v Japan,** Murrayfield. Sept 27.

### SAILING

**Weymouth Olympic Week,** Weymouth, Dorset. Sept 6–13.

### SQUASH

**Blue Stratos Sport under-23 British Closed,** Lamb's Squash Club, EC1. Sept 26–29.

**Contributors:** Angela Bird, Margaret Davies, Edward Lucie-Smith, George Perry, Sally Richardson, Ursula Robertshaw, J. C. Trewin. Information is correct at time of going to press. Add 01- in front of London telephone numbers if calling from outside the capital.



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